

The TATLER

Vol. CXVII. No. 1524.

London, September 10, 1930

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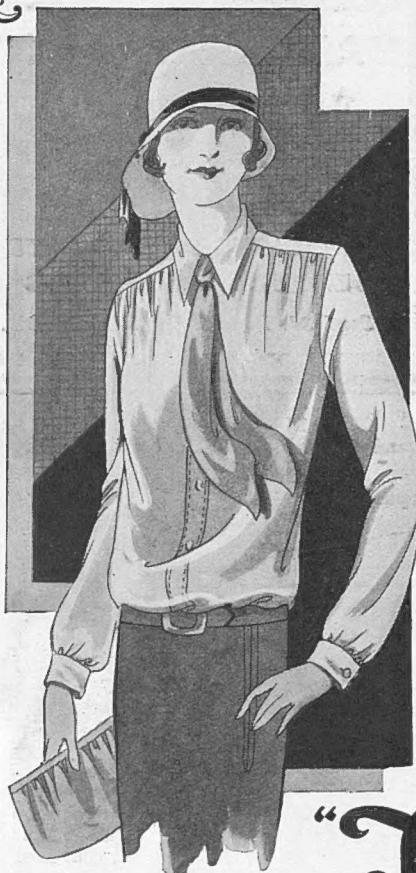
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Cecil Beaton

LADY DIANA COOPER

A portrait study taken a few weeks before Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper left for the United States and Canada. A snapshot of their arrival at Montreal appears on the third page of "The Letters of Eve" in this issue of this paper. Lady Diana Cooper is seen above in the costume of the Nun in "The Miracle," in which she has won such success whenever it has been produced under Mr. Max Reinhardt's auspices



BIRMINGHAM RACES: SIR KEITH AND LADY DOROTHY FRASER AND BAINES

On the first day of Birmingham's three-day meeting last week, when Baines rode Sir Keith Fraser's *Glasbheinn* in the Coventry Nursery Plate. Lady Dorothy Fraser, who is well known with the Fernie, is a daughter of the late Lord and Lady Coventry, who died within a few days of one another last March

GROSVENOR SQUARE.
WELL, MY DEAR,—Yet another movement of the social game has come to an end, and the southward flight has wheeled right-about and turned definitely northward. Every day trains, boats, and cars are bearing back to England the sun worshippers who have been basking by the Mediterranean, and the music worshippers who have been soaking themselves at the various musical festivals. And here they stay for a day or two before departing north till the end of the month or longer.

Some, of course, are halting en route at Doncaster this week, and just a few have delayed their return to spend some days in Venice. Miss Rita Redhead, for instance, has gone to the City of Lagoons, where Princess di San Faustino still holds sway among the social element, with Miss Elsa Maxwell in attendance, and where Princess de Polignac entertains all her most artistic friends at her palazzo on the Grand Canal. Mr. Cecil Beaton, by way of a change, has departed for Berlin and Vienna.

* * * *

Cannes was still pretty full at the end of the month but most of the people were planning to leave very shortly. Some to return to work or go to Scotland, and others to find some quiet spot in which to experience a much needed rest after the hectic life out there.

Undoubtedly the people who contributed most to the fun at Cannes this summer were the Lewissohns, who own that wonderful villa Corne d'Or. There

The Letters of Eve



MISS SHEILA ROCHE AND THE MAHARAJAH OF RAJPIPLA

In the garden of the Maharajah's house, The Manor, Old Windsor, where he has just built a new swimming pool. The Maharajah is very well known in England both as a racing owner and socially, and is extremely popular

were never less than twelve people staying with them in the house, and always more than twenty extra for meals.

Their swimming pool, which has only recently been made, and to which I alluded in a previous letter, is quite marvellous. It is 16 ft. deep at one end, allowing for the most elaborate of dives, and its turquoise-blue tiles, complete with sun, make it a miniature Mediterranean. A thoughtful hostess having provided mattresses for sun-bathing on its edges, and a cocktail bar, it became a very serious rival to Eden Roc with Miss Audrey Lewissohn proving herself almost as good at entertaining as her charming mother.

One of the last people to leave Cannes was Miss Dora Morris, who is now home again recuperating after a motor tour through Holland and France, driving herself the whole time.

* * * *



ALSO AT BIRMINGHAM: MRS. J. C. BULTEEL AND MR. BASIL JARVIS

Mrs. Bulteel is the wife of the well-known handicapper to the Jockey Club. Mr. Basil Jarvis is the famous Newmarket trainer, who trains for Lord Allendale and Mr. Lysaght amongst others

Reverting to the northward flight from the Mediterranean, the speed maniacs who dash along those arrow-straight roads to Paris in their rapid cars in the shortest possible time miss a lot of the fun of the journey home. For if they already know

Avignon well enough to pass it by with only a glance at its outer ramparts they could with advantage make the détour through Nîmes to see that finest of all arenas, and the Maison Carrée, built in the first century, from which the Madeleine was copied.

One ardent sightseer who motored via Nîmes arrived after six o'clock, to find that the arena was closed. But he was informed by the concierge that it would be open again at half-past eight for the film which was to be shown there that night. When he went, after a hasty dinner, to take his ticket, he discovered that the film to be presented was *La Valse Amoureuse* with Ivor Novello! He found some humour in the situation of this young British film star being the only means of his seeing this Roman masterpiece. Surely Ivor might make use of this in his Press campaign in America, where he now goes to find added fame and fortune.

* * *

Another argument in favour of more leisurely progression on the homeward way is the better opportunities it affords for gastronomic indulgence. Driving through the vineyards of Chateauneuf du Pape, just north of the Pope's fourteenth-century residence at Avignon, and the Beaujolais country, the best-conducted thoughts are apt to turn to good drink and good food, and for those who take the time and trouble to find them there are wonderful places wherein to enjoy these excellences.

I am not alluding to the various famous "filling stations" beyond Lyons which every Riviera driver is familiar with, and I have no intention of divulging the secret, known only to a few, of where the best *Truite Meunière* in the world is to be found. Or that other, but less well-kept one, of where one may dine by moonlight in a garden which lies between a great French river and its château, once the property of one of Louis XV's pretty ladies.

While I am on the subject of driving through France I will add a footnote to the remarks which you may remember I made the other day about getting to Deauville from this country. I am assured by one who has just experienced it, that the quickest and most comfortable way, now that cars can cross the



MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT ABOARD "ENTERPRISE"

The yacht chosen to defend the America Cup v. "Shamrock V" on September 13. "Enterprise" is the only one of the possible American defenders who is about "Shamrock V's" size. She is a fraction of a foot shorter, but has about 2 ft. more beam and about a foot deeper draft.



AT THE DEVON COUNTY BALL

Lady Acland's party sitting out on the stairs at the County Ball at Poltimore House. It was given on the occasion of the Haldon Races. The names in the group, left to right, are: First row—Mr. T. A. Martin, Miss Jardine, Miss Brocklebank, Lady Acland; second row—Mr. Richard Acland, Miss Harris, Miss Martin, Miss Turner; back row—Mr. Shuckburgh, Mr. C. Acland, and Mr. G. Acland

channel as cheaply and speedily as their owners, is via Dieppe. Thirty-six miles or so on to Rouen, and a few miles farther brings one to the main Paris—Deauville road. So now you know.

* * *

Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth was still at Deauville when I last heard from there, and in high spirits, too, at her recent successes on the turf. Six is her lucky number, and she has had six wins in less than six weeks, both there and over here; the last, as I write to you, being her win at Lewes on Tuesday.



IN AMERICA: SIR HARRY DUNCAN McGOWAN AND MR. AND MRS. D'ARCY STEPHENS

Caught by the ever-diligent American camera interviewer—as great an ordeal almost as Ellis Island—on their recent arrival in New York in the S.S. "Majestic." Sir Harry Duncan McGowan is a director of General Motors, Ltd., and Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens is his daughter

The announcement that Lord Derby, who has a racing stable at Deauville in partnership with Lord Granard, means to make such drastic economies and retrenchments at Stanley House has come as a shock to most racing people, and will be one of the chief topics of conversation at Doncaster this week.

If even such a successful owner, as he is, has to take such a step, one realizes more than ever what an expensive luxury racing must be for the unsuccessful ones, who are of necessity so much in the majority. However, I expect we shall hear of huge prices being taken and offered at the Doncaster Sales this week for the yearlings which come from Sledmere and from Lord Furness' stud which is now running the other so very close.

* * *

As regards York races, I decided to confine my comments to the Thursday, Gimcrack day. But it was not a good idea, for the heat was so terrific that one evaded as many meetings and greetings as possible in favour of the modicum of shade procurable at the far end of the paddock. If one had financial dealings with the Tote one almost prayed that they would be unsuccessful, the idea of emerging once again into the inferno to collect winnings being unbearable.

A few people appeared fairly sunproof, among them Mrs. Herbert from Upper Helmsley, though even she found her box, usually the meeting place for numberless friends, rather too warm a corner. She invariably has big parties for York, and her guests this time included her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Parker, Colonel Raitt, one of the stewards, and his step-daughter, Miss Toynbee, and Mrs. Anderson, Captain John Fielden's sister, who divides her time, more or less, between Kenya and Sunningdale.

* * *

I also espied Sir John Rutherford and made a supreme effort to go and see his Gimcrack runner Orpen. It was well worth the consequent rise in temperature, for this son of Solaris

The Letters of Eve

—continued

is a really lovely fellow. It was a pleasant surprise to see Mr. and Mrs. Philip Foster, and I hear they are at Egton for some months, Mr. Foster being one of the syndicate which has taken the Egton shooting. Miss Wharton was one of the various M.F.H.'s present, she having joined her father, Colonel Wharton of Skelton Castle, in the Mastership of the Cleveland. She does not ride, I understand, but pursues on foot and wheels, and knowing every yard of the country, has a very shrewd idea of what is toward.

* * * *

If anyone says "Scotland" to you at this time of the year, birds, beasts, and fishes, lochs, burns, and mountains immediately spring to mind. But to complete the picture you must hear about the more civilized parts where entertaining goes on all the time.

This year in particular Fifeshire has had an absolute riot of garden parties. These are not often very exciting pastimes, but when the hostess was Miss Christie of Cowden Castle, there could be no doubt that "An agreeable time was had by all."

To start with, she is acknowledged to be the best company in Scotland, suiting the word to every occasion with much wit and no hesitation. Her travelling feats are remarkable. She was the first white woman to penetrate into Tibet and "From Khiva to Samarkand" is the tale of her unique and fascinating experiences.

* * * *

The contents and surroundings of Cowden Castle show that its owner has other and more stationary interests. Everywhere is evidence of Miss Christie's *flair* for collecting—pictures and china predominating. She is also a great connoisseur of Chinese *objets d'art*, and possesses some of the finest examples of miniature trees made of jade and precious stones.

The Japanese garden is the great feature of interest outside. It is complete in every detail, and cherished by a real Japanese gardener. Many were the curious and interested eyes gazing at all these glories on the day of the party. Lady Stewart of Murdiston, the hostess' sister, acted as extra courier, and Lady Younger of Leckie also retailed what she knew to the less initiated. Lady Muir, very tall and most attractive, is a Bulgarian; she brought a large party with her from Blairdrummond, including Mrs. Knowling, who, as Miss Meriel Buchanan entertained for her father when he was British Ambassador to Russia.

Miss Mary Wilson, responsible for such lovely garden pictures in pastels, left no corner unexplored. When she feels that something wilder than garden scenes demands expression, she goes to Iona, where the scope offered is enough to satisfy the most avid crayon. Lady Elgin was also there, just before starting off on a visit to Finland, which is rather an unusual holiday resort. Description of the afternoon is not complete without mention of Melfort Campbell for, in his kilt of Campbell tartan, he cut the finest figure for a man of his years (five).

Poole, Dublin
TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK

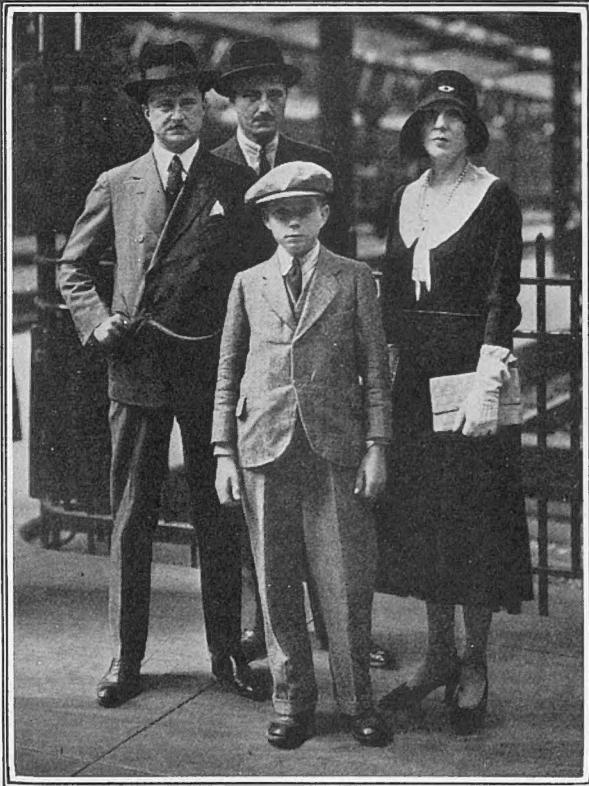
Mr. William Bland and Miss Cis Dease, whose marriage on September 16 will unite two old Irish families. Miss Dease is the only daughter of Major E. J. Dease of Rath House, Ballybrittas, and her fiancé is the only son of the late Mr. Hum Bland of Blandsfort, Abbeyleix, Queen's County

You've got to know the currents though, and it's a tricky business with the wind too, for I've seen many a boat which had started out in the afternoon in a fair breeze, lying out on the mud-flats beyond Jack-in-the-basket by evening time, hopelessly stranded; the wind having a habit of dropping at about 7 p.m.

A good many well-known people are to be seen in the Yacht Club, and daily that sailing enthusiast, Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, in the neatest of yachting rigs and the large pearl ear-rings from which she is rarely parted, conducts herself thither in her car.

I remember the headquarters of the Lymington Yacht Club as a tiny shanty used by a few local residents who owned sailing craft. That was about eight years ago. Then Mr. Roger Pinckney concentrated his talent on the little brick hut and transformed it into a most charming modern club-house with a balcony overlooking the river. As a result he was elected a life member, as was also his mother, Mrs. Pinckney, whose delightful and original house, built on cement piles to guard against the risk of flood, is on the marshes within a stone's-throw.

Nowadays the river is crowded with smart boats, and of late the club-house has been surrounded by a park of cars, some owned by members and others belonging to the lounge lizards who were sun-basking in the neighbouring sea-water baths. The achieving of hot chocolate effects did not appeal to me so much as diving instruction, for which I persuaded Major "Bill" Apperley to be my tutor, having watched with envy his admirable backward somersaults into the water. However, I did him no credit whatever, having a persistent penchant for making a hearty splash *ventre à mer*. And doesn't that hurt?—Yours, ever, EVE.



IN CANADA

Mr. Duff Cooper, Lord Ednam, his son, the Hon. William Ward, and Lady Diana Cooper at Montreal on arrival from New York. They are making a protracted tour of the Dominion, and may visit the Bungalow Camp at Nipigon before proceeding to Vancouver



Frank O'Brien

IN FERMOY: Dr. Charles Fagge (right) with Mr. Eddie Carroll and Mr. Carthage Carroll

BOTH SIDES OF ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL



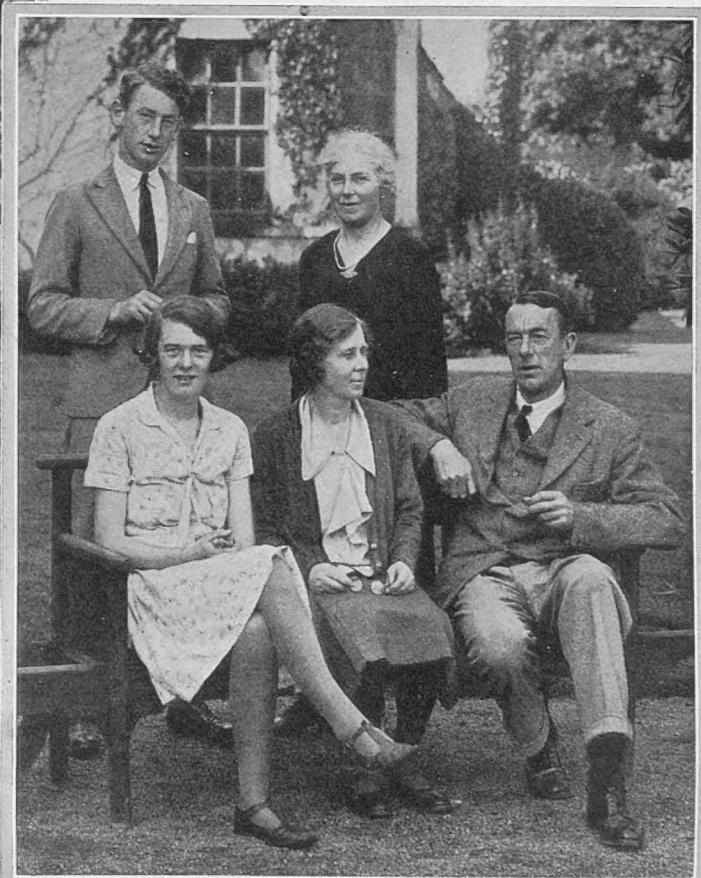
AT MELTON: Lady Nutting with her two sons Edward and John, and Colonel Colman, M.F.H.



AT LADY GLENTANAR'S HOUSE-PARTY: Front—The Dowager Lady Glentanar, Lady Jane Montgomery, Miss Grant, Lady Douro, and Lady Ann Wellesley; back—Lord Mornington, Lord Waleran, Mr. Baird, and Major Gordon Gardiner

Dr. Charles Fagge, who is snapshotted trout-fishing in Fermoy with two of his host's (Mr. Anthony Carroll) sons, is the well-known surgeon to Guy's Hospital; Lady Nutting, wife of the new Joint Master of the Quorn, Sir Harold Nutting, and her sons and Colonel Colman, the Belvoir's new Joint Master were at the annual show at Melton last week; Lady Glentanar had her house-party for the Aboyne Games, which are the next biggest in the Highlands to Braemar. Major John and Lady Irene Congreve gave their house-party at Mount Congreve. Lady Irene Congreve, like her brother (the Earl of Bessborough) and other members of her family, is very keen on amateur theatricals, and organized a musical play entitled "Such Stuff," which one of her guests, the Hon. Edward Eliot (brother of the Earl of St. Germans) wrote. Four highly successful performances were given at the School House, Kilmeaden, Co.

Waterford, in aid of the Kilmeaden District Nursing Association



AT WATERFORD HOUSE-PARTY: Front—Miss Margaret Eliot, Lady Irene Congreve, and the Hon. Edward Eliot; back—Mr. Peter Eliot and Mrs. Kindersley

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

"The Film 'Till Now"

If you dipped carelessly into "The Film Till Now: A Survey of the Cinema," by Paul Rotha, you might imagine that it was the ordinary highbrow guff which makes the film-criticism of Bloomsbury as hard to read as it is easy to write. For myself I have carefully avoided telling readers of THE TATLER that the neo-vorticism of Olga Preobrazhenskaia is not to be confounded with the centrifugal Platonism of Dziga-Vertov. Do readers think that this kind of stuff is not written? Very well, then. Readers opening Mr. Rotha's book at random might come across this passage: "With the coming of the sound film, the cine-eye theories expand to embrace the cine-radio. The camera becomes the ear as well as the eye. The *kinoki* becomes the *radioki*. They seek now to express their material in terms of cine-eye-sound, in the form of radio-vision. Eventually they will come to the simultaneous montage of visual and sound facts, sensitive to the touch and capable of being smelled." As to which I will only say that when this simultaneous montage occurs I shall simultaneously mount the steps leading to the street. Or again, the reader dipping carelessly, might come across this: "Realizing the primary aim of the surrealist movement to be the expression of dreams and thought tangents of an imaginative person provoked by material surroundings and placed on paper or canvas, it is natural that the film lends itself to an expression which demands 'imaginative velocity and moral nonchalance, unlimited risibility, and a sensitivity to the fantasy of the commonplace.'" "Bunk, darling," as the bishop said to the actress. But Mr. Rotha's lapses into the jargon of the art-critics of the sixpenny weeklies are rare, and they do not spoil his book, which is easily the best yet produced on this really quite important subject. The author sees with astonishing clearness that a film which is a work of art can never have anything whatever to do with the talkie which is to entertain the manicurist and her swain. The difference is not new; it is the old difference between the drama which is an art and the theatre which is a commercial proposition. Our author is all for the first and will have nothing whatever to do with the second, though he is, I think, slightly inclined to overstate his case. He says, for example, "Griffith and his super-spectacles will disappear under the dust of time, if they have not already done so, but *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* will be revived again and again, until the existing copy wears out." One should not lay down the law quite so absolutely as that. There are lots of Griffith spectacles which I should very much like to see again, and I personally can never tire of *Broken Blossoms* or *Way Down East*. The worst of Mr. Rotha, as of all high-brow writers about the cinema, is that he will not recognize what I should like to call the half-way film, the film like *Four Sons*, or *White Shadows in the South Seas*, or *Finis Terrae*, or anything by Chaplin or Jannings. I am persuaded that what the average intelligent cinema-goer likes is something half-way between the Caligari stuff, in which people look like parallelograms and furniture in rhomboid, and the nitwit film in which stenographers renounce diamonds and protection for the horny-handed wistfulness of some virginal cow-puncher. Most cinema-goers, I am persuaded, just want a reasonably good story reasonably well told. But Mr. Rotha is all, so to speak, for Caligari. He writes: "Preconception of the film shooting-manuscript makes exhaustive claims on the creative mentality of the director or scenarist. In a novel, a writer develops his theme by written descriptions; in a play, an author makes use of dialogue and stage directions; but a film scenarist thinks and works in terms of externally expressive visual images. A scenarist must always visualize his thoughts in terms of images on a screen in a cinema; he must, moreover, be able to control, select, and organize the imaginary images as does a writer his words. . . . It is, therefore, not his words which are of importance, but the visual images that they define for the use of the director." So far so

good. But then our author goes on: "The assembling of the film-manuscript is, perhaps, the most exacting form of expressive writing. It demands without question even greater powers of concentration than the writing of a novel or the painting of a picture. Comparison may well be made to the composing of a symphony." What I should like to ask Mr. Rotha is, Who told him that the symphony demands greater concentration than the novel or a picture. Does he suppose that Beethoven when he was thinking out a tune to go with Schiller's "Ode to Joy" concentrated more than Cervantes did over *Don Quixote*, or Michael Angelo over his ceiling?

But there is an enormous amount in this book with which I am tremendously in sympathy. I rejoice, for example, that somebody should at last have pricked the bubble of Lupu Pick: "The work of Lupu Pick has tended to become over-praised and over-estimated. He played, it is true, a part of some importance in the gradual dawn of the German naturalistic school, with the production in 1923 of *New Year's Eve*, but this film itself was dreary." In my view the last six words should be engraved in gold on a marble tablet and set on the desk of every art-director, for in the long run your art-film tends to become dreary. I rejoice to read this sort of thing: "All through her career Norma Talmadge has achieved success by looking slightly perplexed and muzzy about the eyes." And this: "The Rudolph Valentino affair was worked with such success that after his death, a guild was actually formed of people who had never set eyes on him to perpetuate his name." The book gives a magnificent account of all that has been done and is being done abroad, and of all that has not been done and is not being done, and, unless English mentality alters, will not be done in this country.

Mr. Rotha passes our film-producers in review, disposing of them as neatly as a crack batsman will dispose of a long hop. Though Mr. Miles Mander has been connected principally with acting he has made one film that provides "evidence of wit and intelligence." Of Mr. Maurice Elvey no more is said than that he has "over fifty productions to his credit." That settles Mr. Elvey. Of Mr. Anthony Asquith we are told that "it is essential for him to lose his Victorian sense of humour (described, I believe, as 'Asquith puckishness') before he can favourably progress." I have never met Mr. Rotha, but when I do I shall, for this last sentence, shake him by the hand. Moderate praise is given to Mr. Hitchcock; and then there is something about the film called *Piccadilly*. The camera-work of this film was done by Werner Brandes, while the settings were by Alfred Jünge, and it is perhaps reasonable of Mr. Rotha to observe that *Piccadilly* was "not strictly the product of British studios." Mr. Rotha's attitude towards the talkie is uncompromising. He writes: —"A film in which the speech and sound effects are perfectly synchronized and coincide with their visual images on the screen is absolutely contrary to the aim of the cinema. It is a degenerate and misguided attempt to destroy the real use of the film and cannot be accepted as coming

within the true boundaries of the cinema." Our author concludes with the statement that there is one legitimate use for the dialogue film, and that is the topical news and gazette reel.

"Here the appeal to the mind is quite different, for there is no aim at dramatic effect in news-speeches. They are simply a record in which the interest lies more in the speech than in the visual image. They are not constructed films seeking to achieve the dramatic effect of a story. They are an elementary form of the cinema 'without joy' and, considered as such, are only of casual and historic interest." I fully agree. The book is magnificently illustrated and most handsomely got up, and I should like to repeat that it is the best book on the cinema I have yet seen. Mr. Jonathan Cape publishes.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xx



An impression of the famous Chinese stage and film actress gathered in Vienna and in the costume she uses in the play, "Tschun Tschi," in which she is now appearing at the Neues Weiner Schauspielhaus



LORD ABERDEEN

LORD AND LADY GLENTANAR,
MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI, LORD
MORAY, AND MRS. JOCK McEWEN

In a good position for viewing feats of strength and agility at the Aboyne Games, where a record crowd of over twenty thousand people congregated last week. Lord Glentanar, who was married in 1927 to Miss Greta Thoresen, is one of the lairds of Aberdeenshire, Forest of Glen Tanar being his Scottish home. He and his delightfully pretty wife went north after Cowes, where they were, as usual, entertaining largely. Lord Moray, who succeeded his father this spring, owns four places in Scotland

AT THE ABOYNE GAMES

"Well kent" people



LORD AND LADY HUNTLY

MISS E. FORRESTER-PATON, THE
HON. MRS. VAUGHAN THOMPSON,
LORD CRAIGMYLE, AND MISS SMART

Lord Craigmyle (formerly Lord Shaw of Dunfermline) was one of the many people received by Lord Huntly in the Patrons' Pavilion. Sir Harry Lauder was another, and it was noticeable that though the Scottish king of comedians wore his national dress, his stick went straight to the point without any of the meanderings usually associated with it. Miss Greta Lauder is his niece. Miss Forrester-Paton, a daughter of Mr. A. Forrester-Paton of The Gean House, Alloa, is Lord Craigmyle's granddaughter, and Mrs. Vaughan Thomson is his youngest daughter. Lord Huntly founded the Aboyne Games as long ago as 1865, and has only been absent from the gatherings on one or two occasions. The Premier Marquess of Scotland married in 1922, as his second wife, Mrs. Macdonald, the widow of Mr. James Macdonald of Cincinnati. His heir-presumptive is Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Gordon, who is Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Lord Aberdeen, one of the most popular of personalities, has been Aberdeenshire's Lord-Lieutenant since 1880

MR. DONALD MUNRO, SIR HARRY LAUDER,
MISS GRETA LAUDER, AND MR. NEIL MUNRO

RACING RAGOUP :

By
"GUARDRAIL"

I MAKE no apology for once again praising the management of the York race-course for their enterprise and arrangements for good racing and comfort at a minimum price. The privilege of admission to the members (and it is a privilege which not even professional backers can

regard as a right) is but £3 for a man for three days' first-class racing, which compares very favourably with, say, £2 4s. 6d. for one day at Alexandra Park. The charge for ladies I do not know, but it must be infinitesimal, as for some obscure reason they are always charged less, and it will ever remain a mystery why to become a member of nearly every race club a man must pay sufficient to include a lady's badge for which, in many cases, he has no use. A friend of mine, at one time a hard-headed



SIR HUGO HIRST

The owner of the Leger favourite at the time this goes to press. Diolite won the Two Thousand, started favourite for the Derby, and ran third well beaten to Blenheim and Iliad, and has gone the right way since, but there has always been a doubt of his getting the long journey at Doncaster. However, his connections seem well satisfied, so why should we worry?

bookmaker's peril, nearly lost his reason through this custom.

A member of most of the more important courses, a designing woman got engaged to him about the time of the Liverpool Spring Meeting, not for himself, but for his badges. Starting every day, naturally too late for the first race, he was buying her what passes for lunch on a race-course during the second and missed the market on the third. During the fifth they were having tea, and the sixth was spent in trying to get her out on fourth; while it was not till they had arrived at the car that she remembered her shooting-stick was hanging over the rails. The evening was spent in working out mixed doubles, the favourites to 2/6 at these meetings, and it was only when at the Houghton Meeting she found him playing Double Demon patience with a pack of Mrs. Vernet's cards that she placed him under observation and unlighted her troth.

To revert to York, the most outstanding thing was the heat, and even the dressiest men were wearing Fauntleroy collars by the second race. Men cannot vary their costume to suit the temperature as can women, who can veer from a mink coat to the diaphanous films in which they looked charming. One lady at Gatwick carried the idea even further and wore no hat or stockings, but it isn't everyone who has Titian hair and shapely limbs, and this costume it is hoped will not be adopted by those who are fitted with mouse-coloured material and legs by Thurston.

The race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes was particularly interesting as giving Lord Glanely a line to Singapore for the Leger, and his price has shortened very considerably since. His Lordship's demand for a run-off was very naturally declined, and we were spared seeing two horses after such a gruelling race made to re-run in the intolerable heat. His Lordship was within his rights.

The Ebor may not have been quite far enough for Brown Jack, and though he is probably as good a horse, if not a better than last year, yet the Cesarewitch, under the weight he has got looks just beyond his powers though he seems certain to be placed.

The Gimcrack was won rather more easily than the short-head verdict suggests, but with Pisa only a length away it looks as though the winner is a better animal at five furlongs. With Windybrae winning the Convivial, Fred Darling nearly brought off a treble, and in the heat one was almost sorry for the bookmaker's clerks. All over England and in most of the shooting lodges in Scotland women were asking how to spell Adherbal, Cockroach, and Alpha, etc., and sending off wires of combinations of doubles and trebles the three, and with Parenthesis dead-heating at 8 to 11 the settling works out to a fraction of a penny. Rattlin the Reefer seems to run better at York than elsewhere, and but for his rather unexpected effort the unlucky Knight of the Vale would have won the Clifton Welter Handicap at what looks like a nicely-backed price. Tuesday will probably be underlined in black in "Whitaker's Almanack."

At Gatwick Jugo dead-heated for the August Handicap making the third dead-heat of the week. His comparatively long price was due to the fact that not having been on a race-course for nearly a week, it was thought something must be wrong with him. Lord Carnarvon himself steered Lights o' London to victory in the amateur riders' race, being apparently none the worse for his trip to Ireland.

As regards the Leger, Parenthesis seems to have put up the best public performance, and Diolite's form is hard to weigh up. The five furlong race selected for him at Ascot seems an odd one for a horse who is supposed to get a mile and three-quarters. Probably the best each way bets are Rock Star, who it is said has been well galloped with Jugo (though how he finds time to gallop between meetings one can't say), and Algonquin.

News is just to hand of the death of Mr. Hector Macdonald, the manager of Lord Woolavington's stud. To his brother and Lord Woolavington we offer our deepest sympathy.



DIOLITE'S TRAINER, FRED TEMPLEMAN

Formerly a first-class flat-race jockey, rode Grand Parade when he won the Derby in 1919, and now one of the many big guns at Lambourn. If Diolite does not win the Leger it will not be the trainer's fault, as he is as fit as hands can make him.

A PAGE FROM NORTH OF THE TWEED



GOLFING AT GULLANE: MR. C. P. M. JACK AND SIR OLIVER LODGE



D. Wilson Laing
STRATHARDLE HIGHLAND GAMES:
LADY OWEN, MISS BARBARA NAIRN,
MR. J. MACLEAN MARSHALL, MR.
D. B. POLLOCK, SIR MICHAEL NAIRN,
AND LORD TAMWORTH



SCONE UNIONIST MEETING: SIR JOHN GILMOUR, THE DUKE OF ATHOLL (centre).
AND LORD SCONE

Like the little girl who had a curl right in the middle of her forehead, when the weather is good in Scotland it is very, very good. It has been for weeks and still is. Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the world's greatest scientists, was having a holiday off-duty at Gullane, which is in East Lothian, Strathardle, where the group at the Games was taken, is near Blairgowrie, in Perthshire. One of Sir Michael Nairn's seats is at Blairgowrie; Lord Tamworth, who is in the same group, is Lord Ferrers' heir. Lord Scone, who is the Earl of Mansfield's son, and on whose behalf Sir John Gilmour is seen speaking at the Scone Conservative Rally, is the prospective Conservative candidate. The Speaker, Captain Fitzroy, is having a hard-earned rest from dealing with persons who try to emulate Oliver Cromwell, and is seen golfing with his son, who is a sailor, at that delectable spot, North Berwick.



AT NORTH BERWICK: CAPTAIN FITZROY
(THE SPEAKER) AND COMMANDER FITZROY

With Silent

A. E. W. Mason's New Novel.

IT always seems to me that it is not one of life's problems to eat your cake as well as have it, so much as trying to eat two cakes at the same time, and the disgust at your discovery that the taste of one kills the flavour of the other—the result being long-life indigestion. It is not so greatly because few among us know our own minds as that our desires change so alarmingly with the years. So that the height of our ambition at twenty can become the depth of boredom at forty-five, and the enthusiasm of To-day can so easily become the embarrassment of To-morrow. If only we could become static as, it must be confessed, the duller kind of people often are. Even though they don't want very much, they do know what they do want and, having obtained it, can live peacefully chewing the cud of small things. There are those who live damned by the curse of a degree of dual-personality who usually die fretful and unsatisfied. The hero of Mr. Mason's new novel, "The Dean's Elbow" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), was one of these. Consequently he wrecked the life and happiness of one of those static women for whom one man and one man only counts—incidentally, I suspect, because she couldn't keep him. When Mona Lightfoot and Mark Thewliss went on that brief yachting cruise alone together, Mark disembarked at the end of the holiday willing to forget all about it. It had all been a wonderful impermanency—that was all. He had his way to make in the world, and power and success were the end of that ambition. Really he treated Mona very shabbily, so why she remained faithful to his memory I can't imagine. Any woman of independent spirit would have despised him. True, the result for Mona of that secret holiday with Mark was a baby, the girl Lois, and she married her dull employer chiefly to give the baby a father's name; yet why she still sentimentalized over Mark in her heart I could not understand; or rather I could feel scant sympathy with such fidelity. Mark had shaken hands with her at the end of the cruise, and that, so far as Mona—or anything which might happen to her were concerned, was the logical end of that, according to him. I should have thought that a woman might have easily ignored henceforward the memory of such a man, but I suppose women are different. Perhaps Mark's subsequent fame—and women love a successful man—kept his memory green. Anyway his nature worked Mona's revenge. For the joy of that care-free yachting cruise was also a symptom of the inner man. Lagging after Mark's desire for fame and power and money came also a desire for family life and children of his own, together with a hankering after the glorious freedom of being a Nobody. When, so to speak, Mark had swallowed the sugared cake, the yearning grew greater and greater for plain currant bun. He wanted to have children and to enjoy a domestic life. Mona, whom he had considered useless for his purpose as the wife of a man rising to power and success, nevertheless remained in his mind as the ideal comrade for the fireside of elderly existence. Nearly twenty years after he had seen her for the last time, he set inquiries on foot to discover what had become of her. He found that she was married, unhappily married, and later on that she had a daughter, his own child. Failing a reconciliation with his early love, he married an apparently charming widow of aristocratic



MR. JOHN GIELGUD

Who is justly rated as the most promising of the younger generation of English Shakespearean actors and is playing leads at the Old Vic Shakespearean Season which opens this week on September 13 with "Henry IV" (Part One)



SIGNORINA ANNA MARIA D'ANNUNZIO

The grand-daughter of Gabriele D'Annunzio, Prince of Montenevoso, the poet-dramatist politician of world fame. Gabriele D'Annunzio was born at Pescara in 1864, and he lives at Vittoriale, Gardone, Italy. This snapshot of his granddaughter was taken at Southwold in Suffolk

Friends: By RICHARD KING

lineage. Then both Mona and Mark "acted idiotic." Mona told Lois that Mark was her father; later on, Mark told his wife, Olivia, that Lois was his illegitimate daughter. The result was that Lois, although she became her father's secretary, denied him either affection or friendship in revenge for her mother's life; while Olivia, childless herself, was torn by jealousy of Lois whom she realized held all her husband's affections. The result at length was for Mark both punishment as well as tragedy. Therein, however, lies Mr. Mason's great gifts as a story-teller. Whereas most novelists would have been content to concentrate solely upon the association of Lois with her father and he with his wife, Mr. Mason works into the theme a secondary plot which concerns Mark's secret scientific experiment and the disaster which befell both it and him. The unusualness of this is all for the best. It marks Mr. Mason for the expert craftsman he is. His characters, except for Olivia who, it seemed to me, changed her colour rather violently for the sake of the plot, are human and natural. The incidents, however, belong often to melodrama. The result is that

you have a picture of life in which you can almost believe. The story therefore is thrilling without leaving the impression that it is also fiction. A first-rate yarn to be thoroughly well recommended.

London.

I am a "noser." I love the company of other "nosers." Unfortunately, the world seems to contain so few of the species, and even this few too rarely come my way. And by "noser," I mean that I am one of those who are never so happy as when I am poking about among the odd corners of strange places, following my nose, without plan, my exploration without design. Just poking about. During the long years when I lived in London it used to strike me as strange how little people living in London knew anything about London except the narrow little orbit of their daily round. Stranger still, knew so little more of London than this, and had no real curiosity to know anything more. And yet London is such an absorbing exploration. Like all big cities too, the most fascinating things are usually too historically unimportant to be included in guide-books. You just come across them suddenly, and because they are such a surprise they seem to delight you all the more. The days and nights which I remember most vividly, because I enjoyed them most of all, were the days and nights when I found myself lost in a district of which I knew nothing whatever about. For me there are secret by-lanes running down into London Basin more thrilling really than anything in the British Museum, museum exhibits being inevitably "dead" because divorced from those surroundings which made them part of human life. Once anything is removed from the environment in which it once played its part, something within it dies—like an ancient Buddha in a suburban drawing-room. It becomes as little inspiring indeed as that fatal announcement "on this site," when the site is now occupied merely by a block of modern flats. Alas, that every year London becomes more and more a city of such unhappy tombstones. Still much remains, and what still remains to be seen, apart from the monuments which every guide-book chronicles, has

(Continued on p. 480)

ASKING FOR IT!

By George Belcher



Waitress (who has just served tea to visitor at hotel): I forgot to ask the number of your room, madam
Visitor: Seventeen, suite seventeen

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

rarely been placed in so concise a fashion as in Mr. Teignmouth Shore's "Touring London" (Batsford. 4s.), the ideal little book for the passing foreigner or the tourist; also, alas, for most people who live permanently in London as well. The design of the book is to compress most of the sights of London within the time-limit of five days. Its value is that the readers who follow these daily tours will not waste so much valuable time going here and there, missing the interesting places which lie in between. Each tour starts appropriately from Trafalgar Square. One takes in all the interesting sights which lie in the district of the Strand, the City, with a return route by way of Oxford Street, Park Lane, and St. James's Park. Another tour goes to Hampstead by way of Regent's Park, Camden Town, Highgate, and so back again by Regent Street and Leicester Square. Most things of historical and social interest are visited in each of these five tours, and if some of the fascinating odd nooks and corners are necessarily omitted, that cannot be helped.

The real study of London begins, of course, as the real study of every city and district begins, not by "doing" the sights, but after you have "done" them. When in fact you begin to "nose around" alone. I wish someone would compile a guide-book to London which contained no guide-book "sights" at all, but concentrated solely on those out-of-the-way corners, those delightful surprises which are of no lasting historical or social importance, but which are equally and quite often even more fascinating than the things which everyone goes to look at. In the meanwhile, Mr. Teignmouth Shore's little book is just the best of its modest kind I have yet encountered. Needless to say it is written, too, with that amusing personal touch which makes his book, even on cookery, always so entertaining and interesting to read.

And now for Rural England.

Mr. Harold Eberlein's book, "Little Known England" (Batsford. 12s. 6d.), is another volume absolutely after my own heart. And strangely enough, it really is about an England which is little known. The exquisite villages of Shropshire and Hertfordshire, of the Cotswolds in Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, of the Berkshire Downs, of Norfolk, Suffolk, and that happily neglected, yet very lovely district which lies in the hinterland of Essex. It is not, however, a book for that dreary, unintelligent being, the motorist who motors only to "get there" and to get there as fast as his accelerator will take him. It is not for the "cherrybanger," nor for the family which only loves a place to leave litter on its loveliness. It is for the intelligent traveller, whether by motor, by cycle, or on foot; the wanderer who hates the main roads and explores the still exquisitely quiet English country-side to respect its beauty and to thank God that so much of this same beauty still remains undiscovered and consequently undefiled. Would indeed that such delightful books, so admirably illustrated, too, as Mr. Eberlein's "Little Known England" were for private circulation only. The modern urban Englishman is, as a rule, unworthy of the England he inherits outside his borough. A pity that so much modern progress has seemingly given wings to the vulgar and irreverent. Thrice Heaven, then, perhaps, that the "get there" motorist does indeed "get there," setting the seal of his irreverence and vulgarity only on places which guide-books have told him he must visit. His common urgency has consequently left the by-lanes practically

undisturbed. And it is through so many of the by-lanes of England that Mr. Eberlein takes us. Through, among many other lovely places, Bridgenorth in Shropshire, Ludlow, Wigmore, Burford, Slaughter, Newbury, Princes Risborough, King's Lynn, Brandon, and all the country lying round about these old-world villages and country towns. What an ideal book this should be for every traveller in little-known England. Especially the traveller, and he is rare, who may not travel far, but wherever he goes travels *intelligently*. And, after all, it is not distance which makes the traveller, but an intelligent curiosity, a desire to understand and to sympathize; a lover of beauty rather than of rarity, one who senses the genius of a town or village, and so is one for whom the simplest things are fraught with deepest meaning. Such a traveller can find something to interest him even in a suburb, even in a slum. Such a man knows that enchantment lies often up a by-lane, and that some

of the loveliest sights are equally often those of which no one has spoken, of which no one has given him a single hint. For a guide to England off the beaten track, "Little Known England" is a book to be grateful for. It makes one realize once more that the best parts of England really are little known, and that one need not necessarily travel abroad, as so many unintelligent travellers seem to imagine, in order to discover beauty and interest and charm, and that something entirely different which makes a holiday a vivid experience and not merely a tour from one golf course or casino to another—following the dull procession of the fashionable.

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A Holiday Novel.

Either "sleuths" or sentiment are apparently the necessary ingredients for a holiday book. Anything more profound is not supposed to go with the holiday mood. So for thrilling reading of the non-mental kind let me recommend you "The Man with the Squeaky Voice" (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), by R. A. J. Walling. Its initial excitement is almost topical. A fire at Allenstein's bank was discovered to be a case of deliberate arson. It looked like an accident, but whenever there is a fire always the first question asked has to do with the insurance. In this case, however, the strong-rooms and safes had been ransacked, and although the head clerk who, on the night of the fire, had



Small Girl (owner of teddy bear), after careful inspection of herself after her bath: You know, mummy, God must be magic. He's made me without a single seam!

been working late, was presumed to have perished in the flames, a man strongly resembling him was seen later on in an American hotel. And not only did he resemble him but he had the same squeaky voice. One immediately suspected coincidence here, of course, but the man in the hotel and the bank clerk were, in reality, the same person. Together with Vincent, the chairman of the bank, he had set the premises on fire after taking all the money and valuables, including Lady Vansteen's wonderful jewels. Alas! for Vincent, however, his accomplice repented and returned to England with the estimable but unworkable intention of making restitution to all those who had suffered by the fire. Vincent, however, followed him to blackmail him. In fear the ex-clerk sought refuge under an assumed name in a quiet Berkshire village, only alas! to be murdered there under particularly horrible circumstances. The mystery of the real murderer is cleverly prolonged.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xviii of this issue

"A GREAT DAY"
AT THE LIDO
Italian Society in Revue



THE OPIUM-SMOKER'S DREAM:
THE MARCHESA DI CALVATONE

Every year when Princess Jane di Sar Faustino comes to the Lido—and it would be difficult to imagine this delectable place without her charming and enterprising presence—she organizes some spectacular entertainment for the financial benefit of the children's sun-cure home in Rome, of which she is the energetic patroness. Lying back against the great white cushions of her Lido hut, she picks a cast of glittering names from the society around her, writes a persuasive letter or two to sympathetic professionals, and in a few days she has prepared a programme of such promise that her show is an assured success even before it is staged. This year "A Great Day," a revue in ten numbers, was the result of Princess Jane's efforts. It was a very sparkling affair, with many distinguished Italians taking part, as well as Namara of the Opéra Comique and Serge Lifar. "The Acrobats," an excellent burlesque, brought down the house; and another laughter-making hit was the "Spring Song" dance of the Duke della Verdura and Miss Mary Gordon. The Marchesa di Calvatone—a resplendent jewelled figure in a gold lame trousered suit—representing the opium-smoker from whose dreams "A Great Day" took shape



THE ACROBATS: PRINCESS DE FAUCIGNY LUCINGE, MADAME RALLI, CONTESSA DI BUCCINO, THE DUKE DELLA VERDURA, COUNT ROCCA, COUNT BALBI VALIER, AND MONS. DE BESTEGNI



MISS MARY GORDON AND THE DUKE DELLA VERDURA IN A "SPRING TIME" BURLESQUE



TANGOISTS: DONNA MARINA RUSPOLI AND COUNT CELANI



F. King & Co.
AT HANWORTH: F/O CARROLL, MISS VALERIE FRENCH,
MISS DIANA GUEST, MRS. WHITE, MISS JOHNSON, AND
MRS. GARDENER

Hanworth is the G.H.Q. of National Flying Services, Ltd., and this group is of one of the navigation classes getting instruction. Hanworth combines the pleasures and facilities of a country club with a flying school. Miss Diana Guest is the daughter of Captain the Hon. Frederick Guest, who, as the world knows, is a very keen aviator.

Night-Flying.

AIRWORK, Ltd., the capable combine of Messrs. Norman and Muntz, has again shown a progressiveness the like of which is not to be found in any other similar company in Great Britain by arranging night-flying demonstrations from September 9 to 15 at the Heston Air Park. People have been much too frightened of night flying in this country. The air transport companies refuse to introduce it, flying clubs leave it entirely alone, and private aeroplane owners are shy of it. Yet it is impossible to find any person with a knowledge of aviation who will deny that night-flying must become general before the aeroplane can take its place beside the older vehicles as a practical means of transport. Day-flying may serve most purposes in the summer when the days are long, but in the winter it must be aided by night-flying. And in the summer a pilot is hampered by not being able to fly at night. He cannot use his aeroplane even at this time of year to visit friends for dinner, for example, because the return journey would have to be made after dark. Navigation lights for aeroplanes and adequate lighting arrangements at all aerodromes are needed, and it is to be hoped that they will be general by next summer. Airwork, Ltd., is having two of its school machines fitted with navigation lights, and dual instruction at the rate of £10 an hour is being offered; dual instruction in the pupil's own aeroplane will be given at £5 an hour. Private aeroplane owners will be able to fly their own machines and night passenger flights will be made. Chance Brothers are providing a flood-light for landing purposes, and there will be boundary lights on the buildings. The restaurant will be kept open until midnight, and I predict that this introduction of night-flying by Airwork, Ltd., will prove an even more notable success than its previous progressive moves. Mr. Norman and Mr. Muntz are to be congratulated. In a large number of aeronautical matters they have given a lead which was much needed, and which has had a noticeably stimulating effect upon all other schools, clubs, and aerodrome organizations. At the Heston Air Park it has been shown again and again that aviation is not destitute of bright ideas. When the land for the aerodrome was first purchased I suggested in *THE TATLER* that the plans represented a notable step in the right direction. Those plans have been brilliantly realized and embellished. If I wished to give a visitor the best possible impression of civil flying in England I should take him to Heston.

Captain Barnard Again.

Captain C. D. Barnard, whose exploits, as I mentioned a short time ago, rarely receive the recognition they deserve, has added another intensely practical and successful flight to his record. In the Puss Moth in which he did his return flight to Malta he flew on August 25 to Tangier, a distance of 1,240 miles, and on the next day he flew back, arriving at Croydon at 6.30. His average speed was the astonishing figure of 110 m.p.h.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Now that a private owner's type of aeroplane can do flights like these at average speeds like this it is surely time to urge an acceleration in the speed of public air-transport machines. Private aeroplanes have been advancing rapidly in design and construction, but Imperial Airways seem to be satisfied with the cruising speed of about 95 m.p.h., which is the most they will get out of their new Handley-Page forty-seater aeroplanes. Comparison of the speed of a Puss Moth with some of the large commercial types suggests that the large commercial types are being left far behind in this respect. Captain Barnard's flights to Malta and to Tangier show that the modern light



F. King & Co.
LADY BAILEY AND AND F/L N. COMPER

F/L Comper is managing director of the Comper Aircraft Company, and the machine which Lady Bailey is inspecting is a Comper Swift single-seater, one of the cheapest aeroplanes on the market. It has a very high speed and quite remarkable powers of manoeuvre.

* * *
Cinque Ports Club.

The Cinque Ports Club sends me an interesting list

showing the Royal Aero Club pilots' certificates issued recently to the flying clubs of Great Britain. The list shows that the largest number of certificates, twelve each, were granted to members of the Lancashire Aero Club and to the Hanworth headquarters of National Flying Services, Ltd., while the Cinque Ports Club comes third with ten. These are Aero Club certificates, so that they may not (though they usually do) correspond with the Air Ministry "A" licences. The weak point in the report, however, is that there is no indication of the period of time referred to. Ten certificates in a quarter is fair; in a month it is good; in a week it is wonderfully good. But even excluding the time element, the figures are instructive on a purely comparative basis. The Lancashire and Hanworth Clubs with twelve certificates each compare favourably with the London Club at five. The Midland and Norfolk and Norwich Aero Clubs are also well up comparatively with seven and six. But the list chiefly directs attention to the totally unnecessary regulations and formalities surrounding even the humble "A" licence. Why should most people have to take an Aero Club certificate, which apparently gives them no legal position so far as piloting an aeroplane is concerned, as well as the Air Ministry's licence? Why should two complete sets of photographs of different sizes be needed? Why should the Aero Club approve observers for flying tests and the Air Ministry take the money? And why, above all, should such a fuss be made over a pilot's alleged ability to pass a few elementary tests in flying and an examination about the signals given by airships and free balloons, none of which is likely to interest him for the remainder of his flying career? There is a strong case, which I shall present at length at another time, for a wholesale simplification of the regulations governing the issue of "A" licences. At present the formalities, forms, photographs, and filthy lucre demanded from applicants are out of all proportion to the degree of skill or anything else to which an "A" licence testifies. It is the old, and especially English, story of the beaurocrat who does not know when to stop. Set him at table and his feast of forms will be continued far beyond the bounds of reason and good health.



THREE GENERATIONS: LADY ZOUCHE WITH HER DAUGHTER THE HON. MRS. PRIOR-PALMER, AND HER GRAND-DAUGHTER

GARDEN GROUPS

At Loxwood House and Broadstone in Sussex



THE HON. MRS. PRIOR-PALMER
AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER

The only daughter of Lady Zouche and Sir Frederick Frankland has lately been paying her parents a visit at Loxwood House, their most attractive home near Horsham. She took her little daughter with her of course, and this young lady was as welcome a guest as she was herself. Captain Prior-Palmer is in the 9th Lancers, but is not with his regiment in India as he was appointed Adjutant last year to the Yorkshire Dragoons, whose headquarters are at Doncaster. Mary and Martin Mulholland are the children of Captain the Hon. John and Mrs. Mulholland and were photographed at Broadstone, the Sussex home of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden

Photographs by Miss Compton
Collier, West End Lane



LOOKING MOST PLEASANT: MARY AND MARTIN
MULHOLLAND, GRANDCHILDREN OF LORD DUNLEATH

THE PASSING SHOWS

Music-Halls are so Modern. By M. Willson Disher



TOTO AVEC DAWG

The amusing clown and his "assistant" who have been doing a capital double turn at the London Coliseum

IN time you and I will feel irritable towards young people. They will deafen us with their zest for life. Out of a desire for self-preservation we shall belittle all that they are up to. "Going to a music-hall?" we shall ask in a quaveringly benevolent voice. And we shall add, "Enjoy yourselves—if you can. Music-halls aren't what they were in my young days. Stars were stars then. There's nobody now to compare with Will Fyffe or Gracie Fields." The room will be empty before our speech is ended.

* * *

I have no wish to be depressing. I mention this merely to show how we have always regarded the music-hall and always shall. We make it a matter for regret. We speak of it wistfully with a stifled sob in our voice. We want everybody to realize what they missed by not seeing the great MacDermott, and how much richer we who did hear him sing "By Jingo, if we do" are in spiritual experience. In short, the music-hall is an excuse for bragging competitions in which everybody boasts how many dead performers he called by their Christian names.

That is why we pretend not to know that the music-hall is an entertainment which still exists. We sigh for the veterans of variety who have gone, although we make no attempt to see those who survive. What we praise and what we enjoy are two very different things. We tell people that we hunger for the good old-fashioned halls and book seats for the one where we can be sure to see some new thing. If the old idols were still alive and still jesting as blithely as before, most people would not turn the corner to see them.

* * *

The difficulty with the music-hall to-day is that it is so very modern. Comedians and dancers who gave us great delight ten years ago are now considered out-of-date. At a cursory glance the names on the bills may seem not at all unlike those we saw pasted up in 1920; actually, however, top-liners are dropping to third and fourth place, lesser stars are moving up, and old favourites are vanishing from programmes altogether. You will not find

unfailing loyalty in the music-hall audiences of to-day. They are largely composed of the far from sentimental younger generation which looks round in astonishment at any old fogey who cheers some past favourite who has just managed to come back for a week. Yet these "young people" are not critical. Their one desire is for a singer or a band who will enthrall them with the latest song.

* * *

You have to bear this in mind before you can understand the career of Gracie Fields. She made her name in *Mr. Tower of London*, a revue which toured the country from 1918 to 1925, by her broad humour in the part of a Lancashire lass in clogs and shawl. She still exhibits her gift of broad humour in her tale of Uncle Ben, the self-made man who started life with a "coople o' dooks" and ended life with a "coople o' dooks." But there is no demand for this. Galleryites at the Palladium shout for a dozen songs or more whenever she hesitates, but it is not among them. Her admirers lend a respectful ear when she is amusing and work themselves into a frenzy when she assumes the rôle of a sufferer from unrequited love. There is something queer in the public's present passion for "inferiority ballads." For some years past the success of each season has been the melodious outburst of a forsaken soul, left all alone by the telephone, who asks "What'll I do?" or "Why should you be mean to me?" or declares "I'm all for you body and soul." Bill Sykes, leaning over the brass-rail of the gallery,

likes to look down into the eyes of Gracie Fields, while she gazes upwards pleading for just one more chance for a little romance. Then hear him shout! Nothing else she can do can arouse so much applause as that. Once upon a time she used to burlesque sentimentality by uttering yelps and farm-yard noises at the most agonizing moment of an inferiority ballad's grovelling plea. She does this less frequently now. The halls have lost a first-rate humorist, but we need have no fear that our favourite "song hits" (as the publishers call them) will remain unsung.

* * *



ERNIE ALLEN

At the Victoria Palace and in great form. How he manages not to topple over only himself knows

When her name heads the bill the attendants at the doors are kept busy turning away throngs



MISS GRACIE FIELDS

The greatest variety artiste of the age, recently at the Palladium but off to America very soon to that country's great gain

removed from life, but so strong was the spell of Will Fyffe's acting at the Victoria Palace that we believed in his portrait of the fussy little old fellow, peering over his glasses in the midst of a face surrounded by red whiskers, as though it were real.

Great clowns are always scarce. All clowns are scarce at present. So Toto is doubly welcome. Some years have passed since I first saw him in Paris and recommended his act unavailingly to West-end managers. When he did come to London, it was merely as a stopping-place on his journey from New York to Berlin. Fortunately he was persuaded to stay for a week or two and then to come back. For some months past he has been touring the Provinces with a revue before bringing his company to the Coliseum. He is not the funniest clown in the world; in fact, I think he arouses very little laughter considering the extent of his reputation. But he is not altogether that kind of a clown. He is a mixture of the grotesque and the whimsical. When he emerges out of an almost incredibly tiny car and then pulls

who want to enter the hall after it is full. No other turn is so sure a "draw." Yet there is at least one of greater merit. Will Fyffe has no following comparable to hers, but he wins the whole-hearted admiration of every man or woman of discernment. Lauder never drew such finished studies of Scottish types. For lack of songs which make everybody want to sing them, Fyffe's fame is not carried beyond the halls, but within their walls he is revered as a master. He has shown us the farmer, the doctor, the village idiot, and the shepherd of the Highlands; the engineer, the sailor, and the pot-house loafer of Clydeside; now he presents himself as a guard on the Highland Railway, full of pride in his line and anxious — over-anxious — to defend its fair fame. What if the train is held up twenty-five minutes every Thursday at Invershin? That is no excuse for complaining. Passengers ought to know that the engine-driver is giving violin lessons to the station-master's daughter. This may be just far

out a suit case and dog as well, what we witness seems less like a joke than a happening in a dream. Grock was a human clown. Toto is a toy clown who falls, somersaults, dances, and collapses in a way impossible to a living person, or so it seems.

* * *

Both are dressed in the costume of Auguste, a type of clown who was invented some seventy years ago in the circuses of Paris. Like every type of clown ever brought into being he is becoming more and more whimsical. Each clown — the very word means "clod, clot, lump" — is hatched from a clod and blossoms in the heat of the sun until he grows too small for his absurdly large boots and takes flight into fancy. This is the history of Harlequin and Pierrot; it is now becoming the history of Auguste.

We must make haste to hatch another from a clod.



MR. NORMAN LONG

The follower and reincarnation of poor Barclay Gammon, whom we still miss very badly. Mr. Norman Long was recently at the Victoria Palace



THE GAUDSMITH BROTHERS

Two amusing Americans with two equally amusing and clever French poodles. The four of them had a big success at the Palladium

THIS COOLTH AT SEAVIEW



THE HON. MRS. MAYHEW

Photographs by Chas. Brown
GREAT STUFF THIS THIRST: THE TEA INTERVAL AT SEAVIEWMISS ROYDS, MISS ROLL (right), AND
MISS ANNETTE ROYDS (at back)

The heat wave had no terrors for the lucky occupants of Seaview, who kept quite cool by going down to the sea again and again. The smart skin shade being several degrees lighter than last year many beach outfits now include large sun hats as worn here by Admiral Royds' daughter and Miss Roll. Lady Falkland's family

Lady Dupree, Sir William Dupree's wife, presiding at a beach picnic. In the group are the Misses Molly, Peggy, and Betty Dupree, Mr. Tom Dupree (standing), Mr. William Dupree, and John Dupree. Sir William Dupree's house, Craneswater, is near Southsea

THE HON. RICHARD CARY AND
HIS MOTHER, LADY FALKLANDCOMING ASHORE: THE HON. SHEILA CARY
AND (right) MISS ELIZABETH LANCASTER

party is constantly in the swim, and her younger daughter, Miss Sheila Cary, finds that a canoe and a bathing dress go exceedingly well together. Mrs. Mayhew, formerly the Hon. Rosemary Cary, is Lord and Lady Falkland's elder daughter. Her bull terrier is a great character, and has enjoyed Seaview as much as anyone.



AT THE BICESTER SHOW: A group including Lord Jersey, Lady Cynthia Slessor, Lady Joan and Lady Ann Villiers, and the Hon. Mansel Villiers



AT GREY WALLS, GULLANE: Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick's house-party

Included on the left are: Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick (host and hostess), Prince and Princess Philip of Hesse, Princess Aspasia of Greece, Miss Darrell, Mrs. and Miss Steele, M. Alexander Mano, Miss Katharine and Miss Ursula Horlick, Mr. H. Horlick, Colonel and Mrs. Michael Leatham, Lady Rosabelle Brand, Miss Rosemary Bingham, and Mrs. and Miss Maureen Gordon

Hosts and Guests

Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick, who give so many nice parties at Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, went north to Gullane some weeks ago and are entertaining a series of guests at Grey Walls. Princess Philip of Hesse, who is seen in the group above, is the second daughter of the King of Italy, and married in 1925. Her husband is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria and a nephew of the ex-Kaiser. Golf is the main occupation at Gullane as it is at North Berwick where Mrs. W. K. D'Arcy has been filling her pleasant house, Quarry Court, with constant visitors. Mrs. Home, formerly Miss Violet D'Arcy, is the wife of Brig.-General Archibald Fraser Home of Cavenham Park, near Bury St. Edmunds. The Bicester show was held on Lord Jersey's land at Middleton Park, and he and his party had a good view of the proceedings from their private "stand"—a farm wagon. They were watching the juvenile jumping when this picture was taken. Lady Cynthia Slessor is Lord Jersey's mother and Mr. Mansel Villiers is his brother



MRS. W. K. D'ARCY'S HOUSE-PARTY AT NORTH BERWICK: Pansy and Esmé Nutting, Lady Cottenham, Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. Nutting, Mrs. Home, and (at back) Colonel Nutting and Brig.-General Home

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



AT MONTE: LORD AND LADY CARISBROOKE
People dress more sensibly on the Riviera where the heat-wave was even more pronounced than it was in London recently. Lady Carisbrooke was before her marriage in 1917 Lady Irene Denison

slowly—I dislike talking to people who are out of breath." When the visitors who had cared to swallow that impertinence took leave of him he would ask them to make sure that they were leaving nothing behind, and yet, when they reached the street he would call down to them and ask them to come up again in order to solemnly inform them—if they were foolish enough to obey—that he had just missed his favourite umbrella out of the hall-stand. Quite! But what I want to know is whether the par. writer of "Le Carnet" really wrote "humorist" in good faith!

In France *le mot pour rire* will have its say no matter how tragic are the circumstances to which it is applied; thus, one of the guests at the Benerville bungalow, where Mrs. Alice Soutter came to her untimely end, declared most earnestly to the *commissaire de police* next morning that "he had warned his hostess that two litres of whisky was quite enough for any 'lady'!" Again: *quite!*

The summer was long-delayed—but now it's eighty-in—the shade-and-you-long-to-be-arrayed-like—a Scot; you leave your

Très Cher, —As a stop-gap (ah! these newsless summer days!) a Paris "weekly," in its theatrical gossip column, tells the following anecdote about "the" humorist, Sacha Guitry. It seems that when Sacha was a younger man (and no doubt slimmer) his flat was on the sixth floor of a building in which there was no lift. He therefore caused the staircase to be placarded with notices saying: "If you are coming to see me, please climb

mutton-chop-and-you-gain-the-bus-top-where-you-murmur-(while-you-mop)-"ain't-it-ot"! I have cited this old jingle every time there has been a heat-wave ever since I took to pen-shoving for a living . . . so bear with it just this time again, Très Cher. After all we have not had such a heat-wave as this for many a year! It caught me in Paris as I was on my way to Deauville for the International . . . (let me refer to the programme of the event) . . . Championnat Equestre which took place on Thursday the 28th in the gardens of the Royal Hotel.

I left town rather later than I intended, and so came in for the heat of the day. The roads positively sweated tar, and the horizon undulated in a sort of quivering mist most trying to the nerves (optic). And, oh, those infernal charabancs that now do their damndest along the Normandy coast. Heaven knows where the drivers are recruited, but they are a public danger. I passed two in the ditch and—if I may believe the chorus of the indignant passengers—they were there by their own clumsy fault!

The gardens of the Royal were a charming sight, and so delightfully fresh and cool; the spectators were sheltered from the sun by huge, multi-coloured, parasol-tents, while the jury also was (or were?) parked into something very super-special in the way of sun-protection. Comte Guy de Dampierée presided, he was seconded by the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge (whose caustic wit caused her to ask, when an over blondily-curly and painted horse-woman appeared, whether it was not M. Maurice R. . . . who had mistaken the class in which he might have appeared), Brigadier-General J. H. S. Marchant (who withdrew when the ladies came up for judgment as his wife was amongst them; in point of fact she won the first prize, looking tremendously smart in side-saddle kit on a ripping mount), Armand Massard (who is as fine a horseman and judge of matters equestrian as he is a fencer . . . he represented France, you remember, at the Olympic Games), and Commandant M. Fresson, who is married to that dainty, sweet-voiced actress, Marise Foury (whose appearance on the stage is all too rare nowadays).



AT CANNES: TITO RUFFO, MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE AND PEPPIE D'ALBRO

A snapshot of three of the company of Mr. Claude Grahame-White's S.Y. "Ethleen," the owner's famous wife (Ethleen Levey) being the central figure. Tito Ruffo is rated one of the world's greatest singers, and Peppie D'Albro is the famous Bresilien singer and dancer

In the children's class there were such darlings, and quite a few of them could *really* ride! The first-prize winner, young Jean St. Laurent, was extremely well turned out, but he very nearly missed the award because he was bare-headed. Little Simonne Cornuché is growing into a bonny girl, but so roly-poly that one feels she might bounce if she fell off her pony. The second-prize winner, Mlle. de Chatel Perron, was one of the few young people who sat side-saddle; she should, in my opinion, have been given the first prize, for she presented the smartest ensemble on the ground; and such a pretty child, too, tall and slim for her thirteen years, with such remarkably graceful self-possession.

A mongst the ladies, Madame Fauquet-Lemaitre attracted a good deal of attention (but no prize) in her polo kit, Jodhpur breeches, short-sleeved shirt, and bright yellow gauntlets! Cool, no doubt, but . . . I confess I prefer the more formal side-saddle garb for ladies, which was, indeed, the most noticeable sartorial feature amongst the ladies of the gathering. Love, Très Cher,—PRISCILLA.



SIR JOHN AND LADY MILBANKE

Meet the owner of Mullaboden and his charming wife, two of the most popular people in County Kildare. Sir John Milbanke, journalistically known as the Boxing Baronet, has only lately gone into residence at Mullaboden, which, like so many other Irish houses, suffered damage in the "troubled times" and as a result had to be partially rebuilt. Lady Milbanke, who was formerly Lady Loughborough, has two sons by her first marriage, namely Lord Loughborough and the Hon. Peter St. Clair-Erskine. They usually spend their holidays in Ireland and riding is one of the occupations they particularly enjoy. Mr. Ralph Milbanke, Sir John Milbanke's only brother, used to be in the 10th Hussars



THE HON. PETER ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE



THE CAMERA AT MULLABODEN

Below: MR. RALPH MILBANKE WITH SIR JOHN AND LADY MILBANKE AND THE HON. PETER ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE



Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin



SIR JOHN AND LADY MILDRED FITZGERALD



MISS ROSE BINGHAM



MISS ELSIE GRANT SUTTIE AND LORD CHARLES HOPE



MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE, MISS BETTY RUMBOLD, MR. HUGO TWEEDIE, AND MR. ALGY RUMBOLD.



MISS ANGELA JAMIESON, MR. ALASTAIR GRAHAME, MISS ZARA DEUCHAR, AND MR. PERCY ILLINGWORTH

North Berwick, crowded as usual and as breezy and bracing as ever, and heat-wave or not an excellent spot for either golf or sea air. Of those in these pages, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald is the 21st Knight of Kerry and Lady Mildred Fitzgerald is a sister of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C. Sir John Fitzgerald's sister is Lady George Wellesley. Miss Rose Bingham is Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter by her first husband, the late Mr. David Bingham. Miss Elsie Grant Suttie who is in the snapshot with Lord Charles Hope, the Marquess of Linlithgow's brother, is an ex-Lady golf champion; Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere is Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hope-Vere's daughter, and Miss Betty Rumbold a niece of Sir Horace Rumbold. Mr. Alastair Grahame is an ex-President of O.U.B.C.

Photographs by Balmain, North Berwick



"RATTLE" (Major F. W. Barrett)

By C. F. Bauer

It may be that the publication of the portrait of the skipper of the English Polo team of 1914, which beat America and brought back that unbeautiful International Cup to England, may bring our 1930 team luck. It is now in the thick of the battle, and all polo patriots will wish it luck. "Rattle's" career may be shortly summarized: 15th Hussars, serving with whom he nearly cut his own nose off returning swords; their polo team, which swept the board in India; won Indian Grand National on a horse called "Kipling," and numbers of other races; captain International Polo team, 1914 (won); 1921 (lost); in between the two the Great War; and now training jumpers, a job about which he knows a very great deal



" . . . I just bought ten-thousand-dollars' worth of advertising for you for three hundred!"

FRONT PAGE STUFF: By R. J. B. Denby

LOST, near Broadway and 44th Street, three 100-dollar bills. Will finder please return to Nora Connors, Laverne Hotel, New York.

THE green-visored young man in the composing-room who was about to set up this ad. emitted an hilarious whoop. Not since the Prophet Muhammad ordered the hill to toddle towards him had anything quite so optimistic been heard of. But that was not exactly how the young man expressed himself. What he actually said, addressing some fellow-employees near him, was: "Say, you guys! Run your lamps over *this* gem. What a swell chance that Jane's got of ever glimpsing her three hundred smackers again! Huh?"

They read it and laughed their appreciation long and loudly.

"I'll tell the cock-eyed universe she'll never see *that* dough again!"

"Can you tie that?"

"Haw—haw—haw!"

"Maybe those bills are still lying just where she dropped 'em!"

"Sure—nobody on Broadway'd be so mean's to pick up a paltry bit of change that didn't belong to them!"

And so the comments flew until an oldish man with horn-rimmed spectacles balanced perilously near the tip of his nose, exclaimed, "Well—wadja know about that?"

Now when someone unleashes "wadja know about that" the last word has been said. Anything further would be anti-climax. So the compositors trickled back to their respective jobs.

Nora's simple faith in mankind probably amused those few curious people who glanced over the *Lost and Found* column the next morning. It certainly brought a smile to the face of Solly Rosenberg as he crunched his breakfast toast and gulped coffee.

Within half an hour of reading that ad. Solly Rosenberg was interviewing Nora Connors at the modest Laverne Hotel. Nora seemed over-awed by this expensively-dressed little man with much yellow bullion in his teeth, a massive diamond ring on either hand, and a diamond pin in his necktie.

"So you lost this money about three o'clock yesterday afternoon," Mr. Rosenberg was saying.

"Yes, that was when I missed it from my hand-bag, sir," Nora answered, her large, frank blue eyes fixed on his.

"D'you live here?"

"No, sir. I only arrived in New York yesterday from South Bend, Indiana."

"Just here on a vacation?"

"Oh, no! I came to take painting lessons, and that money I lost was to pay for them. My young brother and I saved it up—we're orphans—and it took us over two years to do it."

"Ah!" said Mr. Rosenberg, beaming. He had hardly hoped for anything so good as this.

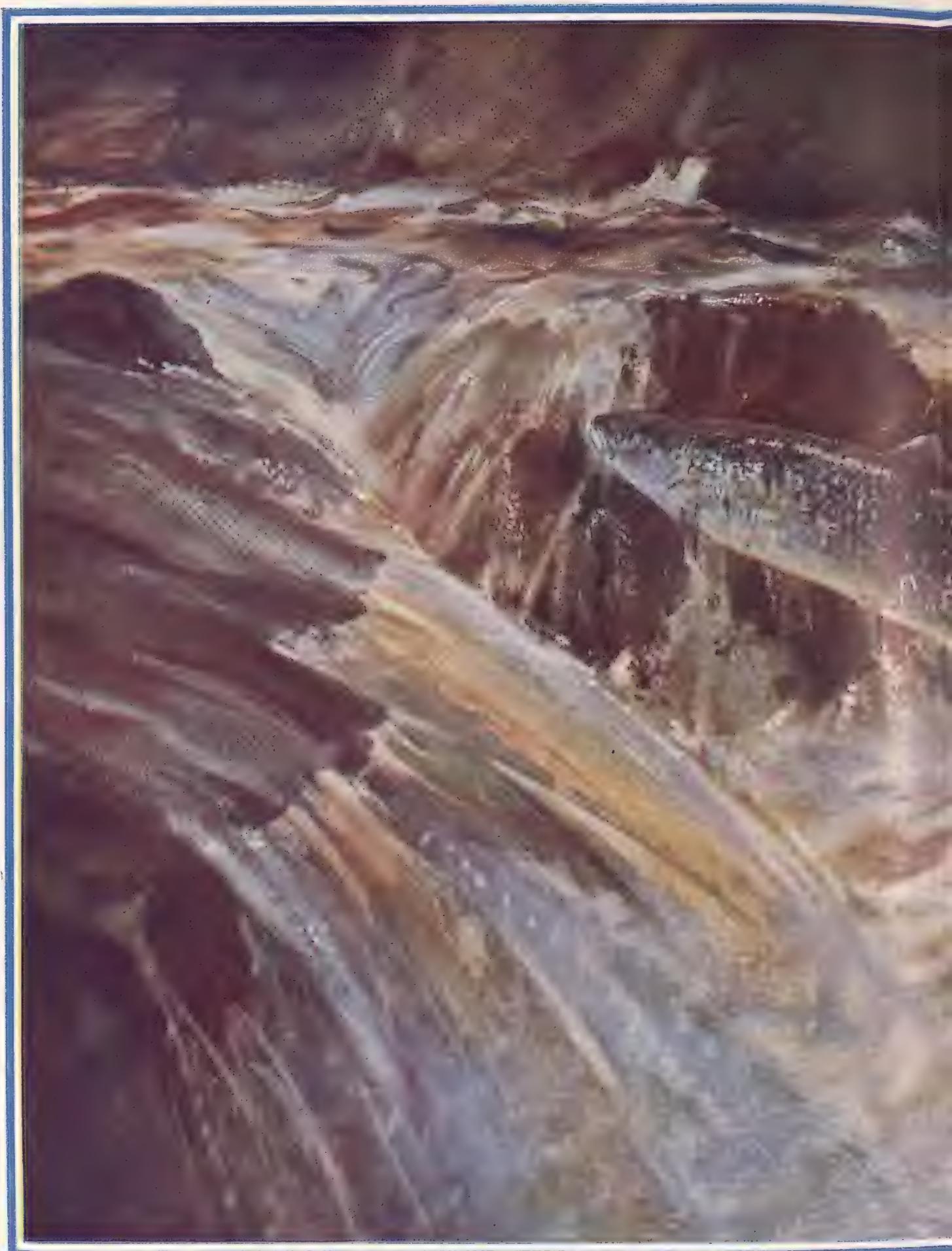
"And you see, sir," Nora continued, brushing back a strand of her fluffy golden hair with a pretty hand, "if that money isn't returned to me I'll have to go back to South Bend, and that will be the end of my life's ambition—to paint." Her lip trembled and she lowered her silken lashes to hold back the tears.

(Continued on p. 510)

*Bertram Park*

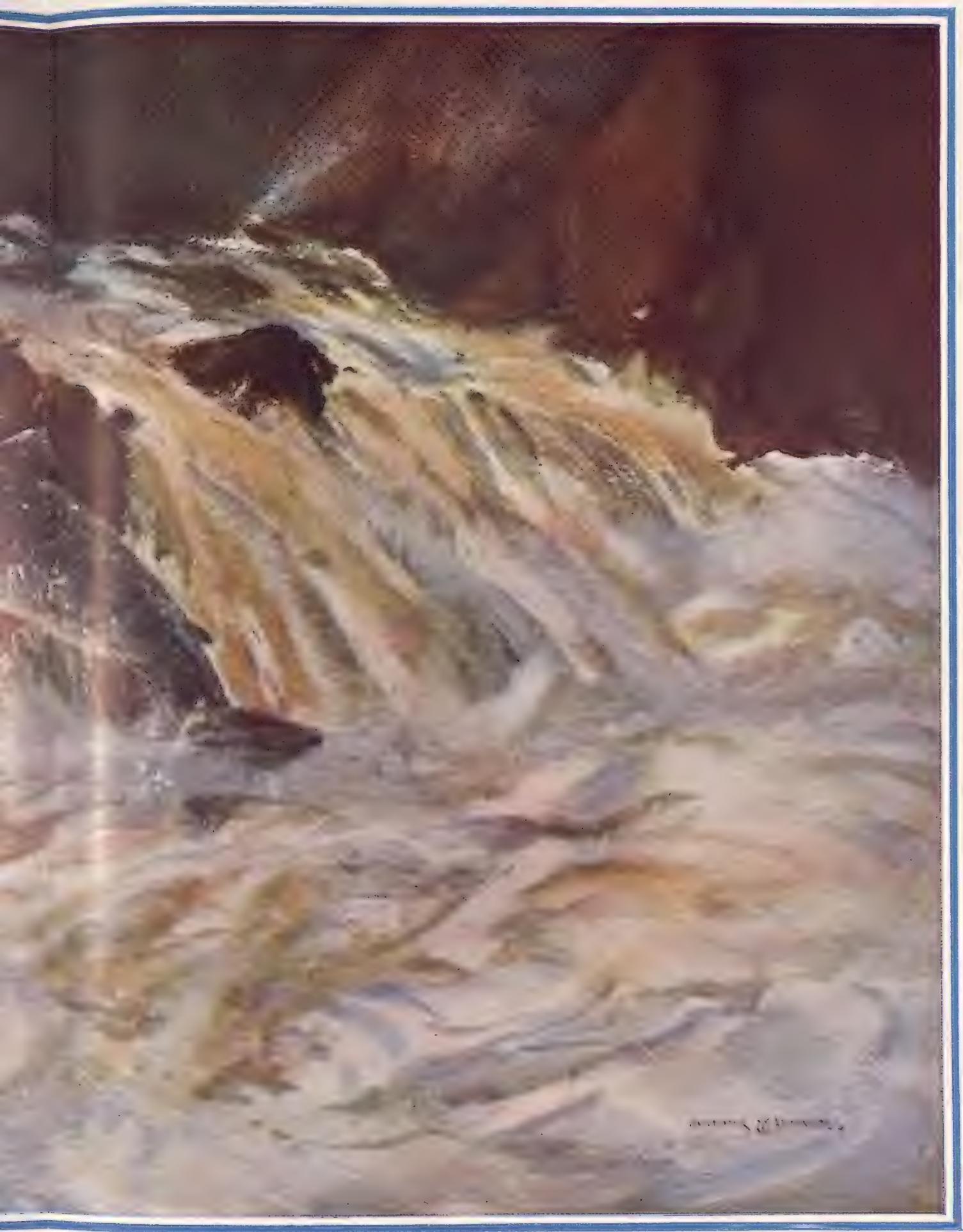
MISS LILIAN DAVIES
IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

This beautiful picture of Miss Lilian Davies in the actual colours of the costume she wore in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane, is reproduced by Mr. Bertram Park's special colour photography process. The run of "The Three Musketeers" unfortunately was threatened with a premature end owing to the difficulty of securing a D'Artagnan to replace Mr. Denis King, who had to go back to America to fulfil some existing contracts, but new talent has been found and the piece goes on



SALMON

From the picture by Arthur S...



ON RUNNING

Arthur J. W. Burgess, R.I., R.O.I.



The "Mermaid"
Rye



Amidst the "Inns" and outs of life Player's Please

P.BELLEW.



IF EVE RETURNED TO EDEN (ROC)

By *Patrick Bellew*



Painted by T. Scoville
Engraved by W. H. Worrell
Printed and published on May 29th by J. MOORE at his Wholesale Picture Frame & Looking Glass Manufactory 391 Finsbury Court Street, Upper, in Holborn Lane, Finsbury, E.C. 2.

CHARLES XII & EUCLID.

THE DECISIVE HEAT FOR THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES AT DONCASTER, 1830.

Charles XII (RODE BY W. SCOTT) got by Voltaire out of Magdalene. Euclid (RODE BY P. CONNELLY) got by Emilius, out of Silesia, by Musket. To the JOCKEY CLUB this Print is most respectfully Dedicated by their Obliged Servant

By the time the first St. Leger was run, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, Guinness was already famous. Since when, quality consistently maintained has so enlarged the reputation of Guinness that to-day the Guinness Brewery is by far the largest in the world

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

AT DICK TURPIN'S
HOUSE OF CALL

"HOBBS" AND "DUCKWORTH"—MISS EDNA BEST'S BOYS IN THE GARDEN OF MISTLETOE FARM, A FAVOURITE RESORT OF DICK TURPIN



MISS EDNA BEST (MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL) AND (below) WITH THE OLD STABLE KEY

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marshall (Miss Edna Best), who are playing the leads in the Molnar play, "The Swan," at the St. James's, have taken Mistletoe Farm, Eastcote, Pinner, for the summer as it is conveniently close to London for their work. It used to be an inn which that chevalier d'industrie, Dick Turpin, used at the height of his fame, and the original building is at least 400 years old. Dick Turpin was scragged at York, not Tyburn, in 1739, so that Mistletoe Farm was over 200 years old when he favoured it with his patronage. There is a window out of which the highwayman is said to have escaped when the Law was too close on his brush, and the stable of which Miss Edna Best is holding the old key of course is said to have harboured that fine timber jumper, Black Bess. But there are a good many inns—one at Harlow in Essex, for instance—at which the owner and his mare are known to have been



Photographs by William Davis

AT THE AMERICAN



MRS. WILLIAM AVERILL HARRIMAN AND MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON



MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

POLO TRIALS



MRS. THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jr., AND MR. "LADDIE" SANFORD



MR. GEORGE H. BOSTWICK AND MISS MARY ALTEMUS



MR. BRADLEY MARTIN, Jr., AND MISS KATHERINE K. TOD



MISS MARY ATWELL AND MR. FRANCIS HITCHCOCK

America is International Polo mad, and entirely fails to understand why England is not the same. Huge crowds have gone to all the American trial matches which have been played to find the world-beaters. The first International match took place on September 6, and this paper has to go to press before the result can arrive. All these snapshots were taken at the Sands Point Club, L.I., at one of the trial matches. Mrs. W. Averill Harriman is the wife of one of America's polo cracks, who played No. 1 in some of the matches v. The Argentine. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who is with Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, the "owner" of the famous "Hurricanes" team (winners of the American and English Championships), is the wife of America's International skipper, the only ten-goal player in the world. Mr. George Bostwick was played in the Red team in the third and fifth American trials. He is America's star cross-country G.R. Miss Altemus is engaged to Mr. Jock Whitney (the Greentree polo team). Mr. Bradley Martin and Miss Katherine Tod are engaged, and so are Miss Atwell and Mr. Francis Hitchcock, a younger brother of Mr. Tommy Hitchcock.

THE PLAY OF THE WORLD IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES



HOT-WEATHER GOLF: THE
CONTESSA SANGRO DI
BUCCINO AT ALBERONI



ON LAKE COMO: LADY BEATRIX CADOGAN
AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. RENNIE HOARE

These pictures come from a variety of pleasant places. Mamaia, where the ex-King of Greece and his brother and sisters have lately been staying, is a few miles from Constantza, and one of Roumania's most fashionable plages. Princess Hélène of Roumania, the eldest daughter of the late King Constantine of Greece, is the mother of Prince Michael, who was King of Roumania from 1927 until this year. The Contessa Sangro di Buccino found pyjamas and dark glasses a good golfing outfit on the Lido links at Alberoni, for which the ramparts of an old fort provide some of the foundations. Lady Beatrix Cadogan's engagement to Mr.

ROYALTY AT MAMAIA: PRINCE PAUL
OF GREECE, PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF
ROUMANIA, PRINCESS IRENE OF
GREECE, EX-KING GEORGE OF GREECE,
AND TWO LADIES-IN-WAITING AT
A WELL-KNOWN ROUMANIAN PLAGE



GENERAL POLITYOFF, MRS. GRAHAME-
WHITE, AND MADAME POLITYOFF



PRINCE AND PRINCESS NUREDIN
VLORA AT MONTE CARLO

Rennie Hoare, a son of Mr. Harry and Lady Geraldine Hoare, was announced not long ago. She and her fiancé and a family party are now basking in the sunshine of Lake Como, which provides excellent facilities for aquaplaning. General Polityoff and his wife and Mrs. Claude Grahame-White were photographed at Monte Carlo, where the General directs the famous and popular bathing beach.



MR. HUMPHREY GUINNESS

England's probable back, who distinguished himself playing in a team which opposed America's International four and gave it the worst drubbing it had had. It was its second severe defeat

went out to the scene of action just ahead of our team, and also letters from other people who have not known how incomplete is the information which the cables give us. We get far fuller details about the migrations of Mr. "Legs" Diamond, "The Underworld King," and of his business rival, Mr. "Scarface Al," and as they fire the popular imagination far more than an International polo battle in which we think we may have a fair sporting chance, this must be expected. So far as it is possible to judge at this distance from the theatre of war, our team has gone fairly well, for at its first encounter on August 22 it beat (13 to 5) a good team calling itself Greentree, but which was not the Greentree team which ran into the semi-final of the American Open Championship last October. As it was composed against our team (George, Balding, Roark, Lacey) the names read: Mr. J. H. Whitney (the Greentree No. 1 in the Open Championship), Mr. Jack Nelson (the skipper of the famous Argentine team and who is quite top class), Mr. J. Watson-Webb (ex-American International and a left-hander whom some people no doubt remember over here in 1921; his handicap has been lowered from 8 to 7), and Mr. J. C. Rathborne (skipper of The Old Aiken team which was beaten 19 to 10 by Greentree in the American Open). Individually, therefore, that was a pretty hot team. Of our 13 goals Captain Roark hit 6, and the local report said that the English team went well as a whole and was right on top all the way. This was decidedly encouraging, and as it happened on the day after the American International team had had a terrible trimming from its trial horse, getting beaten 19 to 6, it is obvious from what I have had sent me that it made the Americans think a bit. Perhaps it would be unwise to build too much upon this, for after all the team our people beat was a scratch collection, and in the case of the American trial I have no information what sort of a start the International (Meadowbrook) team had to give its opponent. All that I have heard is that in spite of this severe drubbing no material change was made in the American team (Pedley, Hopping, Hitchcock, Guest), and that the only doubt is about the No. 2, who may be "Rube" Williams, the hard-hitting cowboy.

POLO NOTES : By "Serrefile"

THE first match, on September 6, in the International series will have been played at Meadowbrook after these notes have to go into THE TATLER, and so they are written at some disadvantage and without a sufficiency of information. This issue of THE TATLER will be dated September 10. The difficulty is therefore, perhaps, apparent. The cables from America have been very scrappy and the only detailed news which has been obtainable has been in the newspaper reports and an occasional letter from my friend "Eye Witness," who

To continue the story of our own team's adventures, their second trial game in America was played on August 25, and for the last three chukkers Mr. J. B. Balding, a brother of Mr. Gerald Balding, was substituted at No. 1 for Captain George, and if the cables are right Captain Roark played back, Mr. Lacey going up No. 3. I can hardly believe that this is correct, and await confirmation. Anyway, our team won by 12 to 8, and the American team against it was "no slouch," for it was made up like this—if the cable reports things correctly:

Mr. H. E. Talbott (1), Mr. Jack Nelson (2), Mr. J. Watson-Webb (3), and Mr. J. C. Rathborne (back), very similar to the team our people beat on August 22, but a bit stronger in front. Mr. Harold Talbott was the No. 1 of the Roslyn Team in the American Open Championship, 1929, when it had that terrific battle with The Hurricanes and was only beaten 8 to 7 after the match had gone to twelve chukkers.

At the end of the seventh chukker they were all square, 7 all, and in the 8th chukker Mr. Talbott got a bad fall, and Mr. Aidan Roark was put in as substitute. Captain Roark won the match for The Hurricanes by hitting a goal in the twelfth chukker, and the American reports say that it was only his inspired play which saved The Hurricanes (eventual winners of the Championship) from defeat in the Championship regulation period of eight chukkers. It is interesting to note that in this match, the fiercest battle America says she has ever seen, Mr. Gerald Balding was No. 2 in the Roslyn Team, Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin (3), and Mr. "Rube" Williams (back). In the two teams, Hurricanes and Roslyn, there were, counting in Mr. Aidan Roark, three Britishers playing, the other two, of course, being Mr. Gerald Balding and Captain C. T. I. Roark, and The Hurricanes were Mr. Sanford, Captain Roark, Mr. J. Watson-Webb, and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, Jr. The best man in the two teams was undoubtedly Captain Roark.



MR. GERALD BALDING

Who is England's new No. 1 and went very well in the Trial game v. The Old Aiken team on August 29. Mr. J. B. Balding, his brother, was tried for England as No. 1



CAPTAIN RICHARD GEORGE

Who up to August 28 was considered a certainty at No. 1 for England. He got his International colours in 1927 in the Army in India (Hurlingham) team

consequence. In the ordinary course of events in Captain George's absence the spare No. 1, Mr. Aidan Roark, would have been played, but as a result of that bad fall we saw him get at Hurlingham in our 4th Trial match he had had to have a very serious operation on one of his ears for mastoiditis, and of course has been put out of action for this year's International matches. This is very bad luck not only for Mr. Roark but for the team, and coupled with the reported indisposition of Captain George may have cost us a good deal. For myself I believe, and have always, that Captain George is out and away our best No. 1, and I feel sure that if he was all right again Captain Tremayne will have played him, for he is too good a general to try that risky experiment of swopping horses when crossing a stream, and I am also certain that it is best to keep the same man on the same ponies unless there is a very strong reason for doing otherwise. After this news of another match on September 1 came to hand of a game against "a strong

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The team which beat the American International side may have been the same one which, when receiving an 8-goal start, ran them to 14 to 13. That team was: Mr. W. Averill Harriman (1), Mr. "Rube" Williams, the Texan cowboy wonder (2), Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin (3), and Mr. Elmer Boeseke (back). That was the trial team in the 7th American Test on August 10.

Every hour seems like an eternity —

THOSE nights of maddening sleeplessness! Your nerves are on edge! The minutes pass with leaden feet! When morning comes at last you feel more tired than when you went to bed.

The secret of sound sleep is simple. Digestive unrest must be allayed—worn nerves must be soothed and restored. For both these purposes delicious "Ovaltine" stands supreme in every country in the world.

There is no food beverage more easily digested than "Ovaltine." The nerve-restoring nourishment it contains so abundantly is quickly conveyed to the cells and tissues. The nerves are calmed and rebuilt. Sound, natural sleep quickly follows.

Consider the ingredients from which "Ovaltine" is made—malt, milk and eggs—Nature's best foods. Eggs supply organic phosphorus—an essential element for building up brain and nerves.

"Ovaltine" has become the World's best "night-cap" and is relied upon by sufferers from sleeplessness as the natural means of ensuring restful, health-giving sleep.



'OVALTINE'
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

IT has always been a debatable point with some of us as to which of the two trades or professions, politics or pugilism, is the less protected, even when the latter is viewed from the sparring-partner's angle. I will cite you a case in point, on the principle that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. It is that of a man I will call Hamley Bacon, Member for the Wetfish Division of Clamshire. As all the world knows, it is the custom of all political parties, no matter what their colour, on the occasion of things called bye-elections to send down various gentlemen who, in the opinion of the Central Party Office, would have made their mark at the Pnyx if they had happened to be born in those days when oratory was one of the finer arts. It is the duty of these gentlemen to "speak for" the fledgling candidate, whom it is quite possible they hardly know, extol his many virtues, and demonstrate how improper it would be for the constituency to return such a black-hearted swab as his opponent, however expert and energetic a baby-kisser he may be. It may also be well known that upon these hectic occasions it is the custom for the local agent to arrange for the billeting of the heavy guns which have been moved up to put down a barrage which it is hoped will be absolutely devastating. And it is here that the story of poor Hamley Bacon commences. Those who may recognize him under the very thin camouflage of the *nom de guerre* which I have taken the liberty of bestowing upon him, will understand that any local agent would have a particularly rough row to hoe if he were not familiar with the great politician's tastes and ideas of life generally. It is necessary to tell you something about these things before we go any further. Hamley Bacon is a person who says he hates staying in any house where they have not got a bath-room to each bedroom, with a copious supply of either pink or heliotrope bath crystals. He also believes that the only drink for a gentleman upon what he considers an "occasion" is bubbly, preferably the Widow, 1911, or Mr. Pommery and his friend Mr. Greno, 1913. He also believes that a real gentleman should wear a grey topper and white spats upon every possible or impossible occasion, even in the country. Hamley Bacon is one of those most uncomfortable persons who suffer badly from the gentlemanitis germ. He is very pink of face, rather like a middle-white—anyone well up in pigs will know what this means—and



ON GLENEAGLES HOTEL LINKS

A foursome of well-known people—Miss Phyllis Haytor, the charming dancer; Mr. H. D. Winkworth, an ex-cox. of the Cambridge boat; Mrs. Walker, the Irish lady golf champion; and Mr. Alex Moore



AT BEMBRIDGE: MRS. CLIVE MILLER AND LADY DE ROBECK

Bembridge, that pleasant spot in the Wight, is still far from deserted, even though all the big regattas are over. Lady de Robeck, who has a house in Bembridge, is the widow of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Michael de Robeck, who died in 1928

usually manages to let you know that once upon a time he was at the same shoot as a Prince of the Blood, to whom he refers by his Christian name—taking a big risk, of course. However, that's Hamley. On this electioneering occasion, to bear him company—for he is a bachelor—he took along his sister, the still-to-be-won Lobelia, who some say is bound to die wondering. There is some polite fiction about someone with whom she was on the brink of wedlock who was "Killed in the War." It don't say which war—Franco-Prussian probably.

These being the circumstances, it was rather unfortunate that the local agent should have selected the mansion (recently acquired) of the Mangle-Wurzeleys. Mangle-Wurzeley manufacture of a patent contrivance for removing the inner tissue-paper covering off jam without messing your fingers—at least it was something equally clever. He is fabulously rich but so mean that he would steal a blind kitten's milk. He wears a black tie with his tails so as to save the washing bill on a white one, and if there is a reincarnation of Surtees' Marmaduke Muleygrabs—"Bert" Mangle-Wurzeley is he. Some people have never believed that such a dinner as Marinaduke gave Mr. Jorrocks at Cockolorum Hall could ever have happened; but it has. This was the occasion, as I will remind you, when Mr. Jorrocks made that audible remark about liking to chew his own meat. The course was mince with some sliced lemon on top of it swimming about in a sludgy mess. Mrs. Mangle-Wurzeley is as voluminous and florid as her spouse is mousey and mean-looking. On this tragic occasion of the Hamley Bacon visit, at dinner that first night she was habited in a wispy pink dress (after Paquin so they said), with an outsize in pink silk stockings full to bursting point. To get level with Hamley's "Prince of the Blood" stuff, she let it be known that she was the intimate friend of the Princess Margarine of Rubitinia, and cattish people said that so she was, but that her job was to brush and comb the Pekes. When she sang, by the way, even her over-fed French bulldog sat up and yowled. In order to come down to the level of some of her guests, who were given over principally to the sport of fox-hunting, she told us that, "My little gee-gee knows everything I say; he's a perfect darling;" but it was obvious that he cannot have been listening very attentively

(Continued on p. viii)

“King George IV”

*It Speaks for
Itself*

A “SOUND” PRODUCTION

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SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
EDINBURGH

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE bank manager rang up Isaac on the telephone and politely called his attention to the fact that he had overdrawn his account to the extent of £200. "Vell, vot aboud it?" inquired Isaac. "Vill you tell me vot my account vos at dis dime last year?" The bank manager said he would inquire, and after a short absence returned to the 'phone and said: "I find that this time last year you had a balance in your favour of £2,000." "Vell," replied Isaac triumphantly, "did I ring you up?"

* * *

A farmer who wished to investigate the alleged huge profits of the middleman sold a consignment of eggs to a London firm. On one of the eggs he wrote: "I received three-halfpence for this egg; how much did you pay?" and signed his name and address. Some months later the farmer received a reply written upon the notepaper of a theatre:

"I received your egg absolutely gratis."

* * *

Uncle was delivering a lecture. "You boys of to-day want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

"No," replied his nephew, "and I'll bet you didn't either."



"I'm collecting for the suffering poor," said the elderly spinster. "Can you give me anything at this glad season?"

"Suffering poor, eh?" said the business man, desperately thinking of some means to avoid paying up. "But are you sure that they really do suffer?"

"I'm quite sure. Why, I go into their homes and talk to them for hours on end."

* * *

A young Englishman was paying his first visit to New York, and a fellow-passenger on the boat warned him about some of the whisky sold in "speak-easies." Some of it, he said, contained a percentage of wood alcohol, which was more or less poisonous.

"But how am I going to tell the good from the bad before I drink it?" asked the youngster.

"Oh, that's quite easy," said the other. "Just dip your finger into it. If your nail stays on you can drink it."

* * *

"What is a cannibal?" asked the teacher.

No answer.

"Well, Jones, if you ate your father and mother, what would you be?"

"An orphan, sir," replied Jones, brightly.



Photographs by Dorothy Wilding
MISS MADELEINE CARROLL

The young English film actress, who has just created the part of Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," which was produced by Mr. Maurice Elvey. Miss Madeleine played the part in the stage revival at the Vaudeville. She has also had a definite success in the film of "French Leave," which is due for release shortly

A Scotsman thought that the best method of saving money for the summer holiday was to put a penny in a money-box every time he kissed his wife. This he did regularly until the holiday-time came round. Then he opened the box and out came not only pennies, but sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns. The man was amazed, and asked his wife how she accounted for it.

"Weel, Jock," she replied, "it's no ivery mon that's as stingy as you are!"

* * *

"Bobby," announced his father, "you have a new little brother. He came this morning while you were asleep."

"Did he?" exclaimed Bobby, "then I know who brought him."

"Who was that?"

"Why the milkman, of course. I saw it on his cart—Families supplied daily."

* * *

A Scotsman went to see a doctor about his health. After an examination the doctor said:

"What you are suffering from, my good sir, is too much whisky-drinking, and unless you give it up you will lose your sight."

After a few weeks the man again visited the doctor and complained that he still felt ill.

"Have you given up drinking?" he was asked.

"No," said the man.

"But you know that I warned you about blindness," said the doctor.

"I ken ye did," replied the man, "but I'm just thinkin' that I've seen about all that's worth seein'."

Your
skin
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LUXURIA
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and
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Luxuria cleansing cream is vitally necessary to your skin. In the few moments it takes to smooth it over your face and neck it does three important things—

Brings to the surface all the hidden dust and grime that darken the skin and distend the pores:

Nourishes and preserves the skin's own natural oils:

Whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear and fresh and supple.

Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Limited 150 Regent Street, London, W.1, for a fascinating free booklet called 'All for Beauty,' which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
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NEW YORK LONDON PARIS



THE WELCH REGIMENT CRICKET WEEK: THE REGIMENT v. THE SOUTH WALES HUNTS CRICKET CLUB

The combined teams in a match which took place recently at The Barracks, Cardiff, the dépôt of The Welch Regiment. The South Wales Hunts Cricket Club won by 55 runs. Standing—The Goats Major and Taffy, the regimental mascot (who were onlookers), C.S.-M. Clifton, C.S.-M. Ainsworth, H. W. Williams, J. T. Knight, M. B. Brain, R. A. Byass, L. E. W. Williams, B. W. T. Webb, Captain Bradshaw, J. A. Goodwin, R.S.M. Knock (umpire); sitting—Captain Phillips, W. B. Tristram, Colonel F. G. Phillips, Major Brewis, J. C. Clay, Major A. G. Lyttelton, Sir G. Byass, Major Montgomery, Captain J. H. P. Brain, Captain Auten; in front—J. V. Rees, Sergeant Hitchcock, and Sergeant Newman

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

The New Stuff

COMPILERS of diaries who methodically enter the saints' days (though I fancy that very few diarists pay much serious attention to these items) and denominate the various special Sundays (which probably receive even less attention still), might very well in their 1931 editions remind their patrons that there are other seasons that begin regularly as well as those of fishing and shooting. For example, why not note that about the middle of August "new models" make their appearance? Already there has been a wonderful display of them, and it goes without saying that they are well-bred, healthy, strong on the wheel, and plentiful. One thing is very clear, and that is that most of the leading British car manufacturers deserve very well of the British public; for whom they are providing cars that are not only better in every sense, but also cheaper. Bigger engines, more spacious accommodation, even more lavish equipment, and a higher road performance; all desirables are provided without involving any extra assault upon the pocket either in the matter of initial cost or in that of up-keep expenses. And that these facts are appreciated far beyond the shores of these islands is proved by the very welcome figures relating to British motor exports that were published just recently. Of course we must not be so foolish as to forget that the Americans are not exactly stopping still on the export proposition, but the point is that we have gone ahead at a brisk rate, thereby demonstrating that we are, at long last, making the right kind of car at the right kind of price. Amongst others, the following important firms have announced their programmes: Morris, Austin, Singer, Standard, Rover, Alvis, and Humber. Others will doubtless follow hard upon their heels. Now that is a pretty big slice out of the British motor industry, and it contains names that are notable for enterprise, to say nothing of most of the biggest outputs. Of one thing I am perfectly sure, and that is that the "home" motorist will appreciate the bigger engine that he can now generally buy for the same price that he formerly paid for a smaller one. If he has any wisdom at all he will find little cause for complaint in the fact that the modest sum of £1 per



M. BELLONTE
THE ATLANTIC

quarter will now buy him an ability to do his hills on top, or on a "silent third," 10 m.p.h. faster than he used to groan up them in noisy second. And, according to

the results of the test that I have been able to make, he will most likely find that all this extra liveliness is obtained at an insignificant cost. Indeed I would be prepared to bet that in most cases it means a positive saving. At all events I know this, that 20,000 miles of a 15-h.p. 6-cylinder car has cost me far less in tyres than the same distance of an 11'9-h.p. four, in spite of the fact that the former uses bigger and far more expensive covers. Also I know that, comparing the results of running a 13'9 Hillman with another 11'9-h.p. saloon over an equal distance, the former comes out the cheaper by far, apart altogether from the question of freedom from break-downs. What has happened is that the economical family car has progressed from the 12-h.p. class to the 16, and all round it is all the better for the change. There is no sense in over-loading small engines, and even less in being brow-beaten by a silly tax into building cars that are useful only in one country and not throughout the world. Meanwhile it has to be put on record that 1931 sees the scope of even the baby car largely extended. Not



M. BELLONTE

M. COSTES

THE ATLANTIC RECORD FLIGHT

The wonderful performance of a 17-hours' shore-to-shore flight at an average speed of 130 m.p.h., and 37 hrs. all told, from Le Bourget to New York, has set the whole world agape. It is only the third time the Atlantic has been flown from east to west, Commander Kinsford Smith's flight having been the one just before this one.

Bright and Pleasing

One of the cars that I have recently been trying is the Single Six. Of this there is a new model, but the modifications now introduced relate mostly to external details and to appearance in general rather than to performance. In this last regard improvements have steadily been made during some months. I will say right away that I was quite surprised at what this car would do. I had a certain journey to make which meant that the toe of the right boot had got to be

(Continued on p. xiv)

A NEW ACHIEVEMENT in Luxury Motoring

AT a price below the £1,000 mark—this remarkable new achievement now brings Minerva Luxury Motoring within the reach of many owners to whom the question of cost is an important consideration.

Here the latest refinements in Eight-cylinder practice are embodied, in a medium-powered Limousine, with that supreme quality of Minerva engineering and smooth vibrationless travel at all speeds which have ever characterised "The Goddess of Automobiles." The interior furnishings and equipment are all that one looks for in a Minerva car.

... altogether a notable example of the ultra-modern trend in Minerva design which will repay inspection and trial, especially as immediate deliveries are available. May we make an appointment?

Costing only

£950

The new 22-28 h.p.

EIGHT CYL.

MINERVA
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OF AUTOMOBILES

Spacious coach-built Limousine with division, seating seven, including two facing-forward auxiliary seats. Standard finishes are Maroon, Light Blue, Slate Grey, Black or Green.

PRICE:

£950

Immediate Delivery

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CHENIES STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Front Page Stuff—continued

"Now don't you get all het up, little girl," said Mr. Rosenberg. "I've got some bully news for you. Your money's been found—luckily by an honest party—and you're going to get it back."

"Oh, how wonderful!" Nora clapped her hands. "You know," she said, "after all I'd heard about New York I was just a little worried that the finder might not return it to me."

Mr. Rosenberg extracted three 100-dollar bills from a black pocket-book and held them towards her.

"There you are my dear," he said.

"But—but those are not my notes," Nora protested. "Mine were dirty and crumpled—not clean and new like those."

"I know—I know, my dear. Let me tell you what happened. Your money was picked up by Gladiola Gladsome—her new talkie movie, *The Gorgeous Sin*, opens here next Thursday. And it's a dandy picture, believe me. Well, Gladiola gives me the dough and asks me to try and find out who lost it. She's a mighty fine woman is Gladiola. Now those notes didn't look none too sanitary to be carrying about so I changed them at the bank for clean ones, see?"

"Oh, yes," Nora said, smiling and taking the bills. "At first I was afraid you were just being kind and pretending you found my money. Of course I couldn't have accepted . . ."

"Certainly not, my dear."

"Thank you again so much," said Nora some minutes later, rising and holding out her hand. "I'll write to Miss Gladsome and thank her right away."

"Yes, do that. She'll appreciate it," Mr. Rosenberg said, running his eyes over her boyish figure and straight legs. "And by the way, I s'pose you haven't got many friends here yet. What do you say to having a bite of dinner with me to-night? Solly

Rosenberg's a good man to stand in with. He's pretty close to all the big guys in this town."

"That's awfully nice of you, Mr. Rosenberg, but I couldn't. I know my brother wouldn't like me to go out with anyone on such a short acquaintance. Perhaps when we know each other better, eh?"

"Sure! That's all right by me. You know—a pretty girl like you ought to have somebody who knows the ropes to look after her a bit. I'll call you up some time soon."

"You won't forget, will you?"

"Forget nothing! And maybe I could arrange to take you over to Gladiola's apartment one of these days."

"I'd simply love that, Mr. Rosenberg. I'm sure she must be sweet."

"Well—good-bye for the present, little girl."

"Good-bye, Mr. Rosenberg. And thank you again so much."

Solly Rosenberg chuckled as, later that morning, he stepped into Gladiola Gladsome's apartment, a twelve-room affair furnished in the catch-as-catch-can period. Chinese lacquered stuff crowded early English, Dutch, and ornate Louis Seize pieces.

"Hullo, Glad!" Solly called, pausing outside the star's bedroom door. "Can I come in?"

"Hey! What's the big idea busting in on decent folks in

the middle of the night?" came Gladiola's response. "Don't you ever go to bed?"

"It's half after eleven, Glad, and I have to see you about something mighty important." Solly flicked cigar ash on the Persian carpet and waited.

"Well, come in," she said at last, somewhat petulantly.

Gladiola's favourite perfume swirled into Solly's nostrils as he opened the door. In the dim light he could just make out her face in the gilt bed she'd had made in the shape of an enormous swan, and covering her was a bed-spread of crimson ostrich feathers.

"I breezed in to tell you," said Solly, depositing himself in a lingerie-littered chair, "that I just bought ten thousand dollars' worth of advertising for you for three hundred."

"How come?"

He told her about Nora Connors. Then, "Did you ever hear of a better one than that, Glad? Why, it'll be on the front page of every newspaper in the country! Can't you just see the headlines? GLADIOLA GLADSOME RESTORES POOR ORPHAN GIRL'S SAVINGS. And that's the stuff the public likes." He rubbed his hands.

"Sounds good, Solly. But how'd you know this kid wasn't just taking a chance on finding a soft-hearted sucker who'd pass her three hundred berries? Maybe she never lost that dough at all."

"Now, Glad!" Solly reproached her, spreading out his fat hands. "We should worry if she was just taking a crack at picking up a bit of easy money. That don't stop us using the story just the same, see?"

"Guess you're right Solly. I didn't think of that."

"Sure I'm right! And if it ain't the swellest stunt that's been pulled this year then I'm not the slickest publicity man in the game."

"Nobody's arguing about that, old kid. You're all there."

"Well, I'll beat it now. Sorry to crash in on your beauty sleep, but I had to put you wise on account some of them editors might call you up after I handed in the story, see?"

Gladiola saw, and Solly Rosenberg went on his way. His step was jaunty and he whistled a gay tune.

News was scarce that day. Things were quiet on the Chicago front, and what murders had been committed in other places were neither sensational nor picturesque. No one was trying to swim the Atlantic; there was not even a juicy oil scandal to fricassee. Wherefore editors welcomed Solly Rosenberg and his front page story. At any rate it was something, and they were prepared to make the most of it.

When, however, Louis Hyams, publicity man for another famous film star, Joy Gold, arrived shortly afterwards and stated that Joy had found and returned Nora Connors's money, the editors smiled and held up the story.

Then, hot on Louis Hyams' heels came Jake Samuels, publicity man for Alyss Jasmine, and later, Herman Lyons, representing Mamie Rogers, each with the same yarn about his client.

Soon four bright publicity men and a number of chortling editors were trying to get Nora on the telephone at the Laverne Hotel. She had checked out—leaving no address.

Just the same, the editors had a corking front page story.



THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS (24TH REGIMENT) BALL

A group at the Annual Ball of the 24th Regiment (South Wales Borderers) which was held at Brecon following the cricket match between the South Wales Hunts and the Regiment

The names are: Seated—Mrs. A. F. Edwards, Mr. T. C. Jones, Captain P. L. Villar, Mr. Hope, Major R. K. B. Walker, Mrs. R. K. B. Walker, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. D. Williams; centre—Miss D. Aubrey-Thomas, Mr. D. D. B. Ridout, Mrs. Hope, Captain V. J. F. Popham, Miss de Winton, Lieut.-Colonel Ffrench, Miss Mavrojani, Mr. Fulke Walwyn, and Miss Hankey; in rear—Miss Gwynne Thomas, Lieut.-Colonel Gwynne Thomas, Miss Festing, Captain and Mrs. G. A. Brett, Mrs. F. W. Baston, Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Birkett, D.S.O., Captain N. L. Wade, Major A. F. Edwards, Miss Trevellyn, Miss M. Audrey-Thomas, Mr. D. L. Rhys, Mrs. T. C. Jones, Mr. T. F. Cox, Mr. U. E. B. Roach, Captain Napier, Mr. R. F. F. Gillespie, Miss Jones, Captain Earle, Miss Lloyd, and Mrs. Holderness

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Miss Kathleen Garnham, the Essex County player. In the Open at Formby this year Miss Garnham reached the fifth round, defeating one of the American challengers on her way

THE world really seems to be full of pleasant events; we are always busy congratulating somebody or other. This time it is Mr. and Mrs. Allan Macbeth, first-class golfers both of them, to be congratulated on the arrival of a splendid daughter, who without a shadow of doubt will live right up to all that is expected of her. Her name is to be Ailsa, which somehow seems to recall extraordinarily vividly the first sight the golfing-world had of her mother, who was Miss Muriel Dodd then, making her debut in the Championship at Turnberry with Ailsa Craig looming large on the horizon out at sea. Other competitors raved then about Miss Dodd's beautiful swing, but Miss Gladys Ravenscroft (as was then) put her young protégée firmly in the place where all débutantes ought to be. Not for long though; the very next year the name added to the Championship Cup, and Miss Ravenscroft's own, was Miss Muriel Dodd. The pair of them crossed the Atlantic that autumn. Miss Ravenscroft annexing the American and Miss Dodd the Canadian Championship; back they came, and Miss Ravenscroft was runner-up and Miss Dodd semi-finalist in the Open at Hunstanton. Since then, having in the interim become Mrs. Macbeth, this player did what nobody else except Miss Cecil Leitch has ever done before or since, she beat Miss Joyce Wethered. That was in the semi-final, and nobody will ever forget Mrs. Macbeth's two at the dear old blind 17th to clinch matters. Nor will they forget Miss Chambers' pitch there the next day to turn the tide and to give the Championship to her instead of to Mrs. Macbeth. But Mrs. Macbeth had done enough for fame, quite enough for little Miss Ailsa to live up to. At all events here are good wishes to the young lady, and as perfect a swing as her mother!

By way of the youngest, we ought now to progress by gentle stages to the Girls' Championship which begins to-day

EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

at Stoke Poges. Only it would really be much more interesting, instead of discussing the draw and making all sorts of rash prophecies which will be falsified within a few hours, to wait until next week, when there will be something to describe. Not that the Championship itself can be dealt with next week, but there will be the autumn meeting of the Girls' Golfing Society, when



Here's how: Miss Doreen Snook the young Notts County golf and tennis player, has a soft drink after a hard game

such folk as Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Nan Baird, to mention only a very few, will be showing at Stoke Poges how they can stand up to the youngsters of this year, whilst critical eyes will follow the youngsters themselves, with wise shakes of the head, "Ah, but you know they'll have got to know the course by the time it's the Championship, and anyway match play is so different to medal." And so forth and so on.

So let Stoke Poges wait while we take a look in at Imperial House, 80-86, Regent Street, on the opening day of midget golf there. Of course anybody who has been in America knows all about the latest craze there, but over here it is certainly novel to find yourself standing on a square yard or so of imitation turf (the consistency suggests it is really rubber) from which stretches several more yards punctuated by the most fearful and wonderful of hazards over, through, and under which lies your route to the hole. A drain-pipe balanced on the top of a slope, a great

TWO MORE DAYS
The entries for the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and the Roehampton Foursomes close on Friday, September 12



A recent snapshot of Lady Eddis, who was Miss Yolande Faraday before her marriage. Aldeburgh, where the English Championship is to be played, is her home club

wheel slowly revolving, a narrow bridge over a canal, the middle one of three memorial arches erected to the memory of Colonel Bogey—these are the sort of diversions which are to be encountered and entered by some small hole as the only route to the hole itself. At least the entrance-holes seemed amazingly small. How such great putters as the mighty J. H. Taylor himself, Jolly of Yorkshire fame,

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fowler from Ranelagh, or such star of another firmament as Miss Dorothy Seacombe were faring, it was impossible to say; personal fortunes were far too precarious for eyes to go wandering round the course in search of other people's troubles. But no doubt they found them, so cunningly are the traps devised for one's downfall, though equally without doubt there must be a route to each hole if one did but know it.

It was a little bewildering, but we know that America dotes on it, and so unquestionably there are sure to be a great many people who will wish to build midget courses of their own at home for the entertainment of week-end parties, whilst even more will flock to Regent Street and adventure there. Nobody can say they lack time for this opportunity to keep their head down till the ball drops, for Imperial House is to be open from 11 a.m. until 2 a.m., which seems to offer a hectic prospect of golf before lunch, before tea, before dinner, before and after supper. The green fee is 1s. from 11 a.m. until 1 (midday), and 2s. from 1 p.m. onwards. For which modest sums a putter and ball are provided. Nor should it be forgotten that Imperial House has two courses, and on the main course there are not only names to the holes—

Becher's Brook, Amami Night, and so forth and so on—but also ladies' tees. Such are the infirmities of golfers. Excellent fun no doubt, but one cannot help wondering what would the shades of Tom Morris, of Freddy Tait say to it all.

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New Collections for the Autumn Season are now being shown in each section of our House.

The Wrap Coat on the right is designed in black cloth, with inlets of reversed material, trimmed with Caracul.

WALMER (below)—Smart Matron's Afternoon Gown of Crêpe Marocain with inlet yoke and cuffs of heavy écrû lace, copied from an Italian Renaissance design. Large sizes. In black and a few good colours.

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E.
BROOKE



A study in contrasts is this washing silk-crêpe tuck-in blouse and the cherry-coloured angora jumper with simulated woven collar and tie. They come from Jenners', Princes Street, Edinburgh

Alpaca makes this autumn set from Jenners'. It consists of jumper, scarf, and turban, and is available in many coloured schemes. (See p. ii)



Fashions may come and fashions may go, but simple lines and perfect cut go on for ever. This frock is made of one of the new autumn wool fabrics, with satin vest and hat of velvet; the coat is of tweed with collar of fur, while in the toque French felt and velvet are present. At Jenners'. (See p. ii)

Suggestions for Equipping the Wardrobe.

THERE are two ways of equipping the wardrobe for the coming season; one is by spending a considerable amount of time in the various departments of a shop, and the other is with the aid of catalogues. It was the first course that I adopted when visiting Jenners', Princes Street, Edinburgh; more about the result of this anon. The latter process is robbed of all difficulties when this well-known establishment north of the Tweed is chosen. Two catalogues should be used (they will gladly be sent gratis and post free). One must be marked with the goods required and returned to Jenners' and the other retained for future reference. It is well to write on a separate sheet of paper and attach to the cover the colours preferred, the sizes, and any general information regarding the complexion—stating whether brunette or blonde. Seated in a comfortable chair, the pleasant task of shopping by post may be accomplished. Suppose an outdoor outfit is needed, a wrap-coat of a not too-pronounced colour must be selected (should the coat not be needed, well, it must be deleted from the scheme), then a dress that will harmonize with the coat, and a skirt and blouse that may likewise be worn with the wrap-coat, and a hat. Shoes, stockings, and gloves will also have to be considered. In the same way must out-of-town and evening outfits be ordered, selecting the most important garment and then building the accessories around it. Haphazard shopping is the most extravagant as well as the most unsatisfactory thing in the world.

The All-important Corset.

And now about the day I spent at Jenners'; it gave me the greatest pleasure to choose the outfit illustrated on this page; there were ever so many side-issues that had to be taken into consideration. There was much information to be gleaned in the corset department regarding what may be called current problems. I learned that it was the woman who is in the neighbourhood of her third decade to whose figure thought has to be given. She came out when there was a wave of feeling against corsets; she was slight, and would not listen to the teachings of the great corsetières, viz., that unless her figure were supported and protected tragedy would be the result. These prophecies are being fulfilled, and stomachs that should be flat have taken unto themselves the form of a plum-pudding. Fashion being in a kindly mood is sanctioning "fall-over" effects as well as boleros, but this is not enough. Jenners' have evolved a certain garment; it is neither a belt, a corset, nor a brassière; it corrects the errors of the figure, not by magic, but by slow and sure degrees. Furthermore they specialize in corsets for difficult figures in general, especially for those

(Continued on p. ii)

JAEGER



One of those qualming occasions, my dears—when one has to assemble reserves of intelligence—is choosing the absolute tweed coat. I mean, unless it is perfectly sinless in cut and design nothing can look more bogus. Too completely pseudo, don't you agree—or don't you? So do focus for one moment on the quite divine herewith. A slim, plain Jaeger wrap-over of brown-flecked tweed, lined with crepe-de-Chine. With a valiant stand-up collar of the new, thick, flat-curled Indian Lamb. On the back the very profoundest V—skimming inches off the hips. A lurking pleat—to prevent that degenerate inward curve to the knees, developed by so many coats if one ventures to sit down. The belt, my owns—a gem of sheer deceit—is placed at a dangerous line. But by craftily tucking it over in front and supporting it with triangular tabs, it brings the natural waistline even to over-natural figures. A positively Sheban coat for mornings in town or for country afternoons—for motoring, travelling, spectator sports. Call and ask for it nicely at the Jaeger Fashion Floor.

The Coat - **14½** guineas.

Hand-knitted hats in later-than-recent shapes, to tone exactly - **3** guineas.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

who are standing on the threshold of the autumn of life. The corset is the most important item of the entire wardrobe, therefore it must be chosen first.

From Top to Toe.

Among the manifold advantages of shopping at Jenners' is that women are able to equip themselves from top to toe. Everyone must pause in the hairdressing department as the authority there has the art of translating fashions truthfully and at the same time becomingly. With regard to the naked forehead, he declares there are few that it really suits; he advocates that the hair should first be drawn off the forehead and then pulled down on the left side until half the temple is covered. No intelligent woman ever chooses her hat until she has decided whether during the coming months she will favour a dark or a fair complexion. Here there is an Elizabeth Arden room, provided not only with artificial light but with daylight, where, free of charge, the preparations may be tried (treatments are not given); there are various shades of powders, rouges, Protecta creams, and woman's ever faithful friend, the Ardena skin tonic.

The Wrap-coat.

The coat for daytime wear is very important. Jenners have implicit faith, and so have I, in tweed in which blue or brown predominate, or a black flecked with white. This does not signify that this firm have not other colours, as they have. The coat on p. 514 is a downright gilt-edge investment; it is of a soft, nevertheless durable tweed in which grey and light and dark blue shades are present. As will be seen, it is collared with fur and is slightly waisted. Although it is lined throughout and is available in S.W., W., and O.S. sizes, the cost is £7 7s.; one would gladly be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. There are other tweed coats for 69s. 6d. innocent of fur collars; with fur collars they are £5 5s. A slight idea of the splendid assortment of leather coats may be gleaned from the fact that they range in price from 5 to 25 guineas.

A Many-purpose Dress.

A dress that may appropriately be worn on several occasions of a different genre is always welcome. The one pictured on p. 514 may be. It is made of one of the new autumn woollen fabrics. It is available in

many colours in blue or grey; it is in complete accord with the coat reproduced; in brown it looks well with all the colourings in a pheasant, while in red it represents the acme of smartness in alliance with black. The bolero is particularly becoming, especially to those who have not given as much consideration to their corsets as they now wish they had; the cuffs and sleeves are of beige satin stitched to match the dress; of it one may become the owner for £8 15s. 6d. In this department there are tweed frocks from £7 7s., coats and skirts from £6 6s., and skirts from 39s. 6d. Furthermore there

are lovely evening dresses which have come hot-foot from Paris; the requirements of the slender as well as those of generous proportions have been carefully considered. By the way, there is an inexpensive dress department which is sure to be of interest to those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence carefully.

Artistic Colour Schemes.

Winter demands gay colours, so they are well represented in Jenners' in and out of town and sports blouse department. In the centre of p. 514 is a cherry-coloured Cashmere jumper;

the simulated woven collar is beige and the tie blue; in a variety of fashionable colour schemes the cost is 65s. 9d. The set on the right is of alpaca, and consists of a jumper (56s. 6d.), scarf (25s. 6d.), and turban (12s. 6d.). Also pictured is a washing spun-silk crêpe blouse; it is trimmed with tiny tucks and stitching and in many colours is 49s. 6d. It must be related that this firm is making a feature of washing satin blouses—they may be worn in or outside the skirt—for £3 3s.; illustrations of these appear in the autumn catalogue.

Hats and Shoes.

Simplicity which represents the acme of smartness is the feature of the hats at Jenners'. They are responsible for the black velvet model worn by the figure on the extreme left of p. 514; the brim is lined with the same material and is of the new cinnamon-parchment shade; of it one may become the possessor for £4 4s. French felt and velvet share honours in the toque. Again this season are Jenners making a feature of felt hats for 15s., 19s. 6d., and 21s. It is universally acknowledged that nowhere are women better shod than in Scotland, therefore any news about footwear from Jenners is always welcome. There are the Highland piper's brogues; they have been inspired by the footwear worn by Queen Victoria's pipers. Again, there are the very comfortable and distinctive monk's shoes in various leathers, and then there are the golf shoes; needless to add that they have passed the censorship of amateurs as well as professionals. All in quest of an inexpensive souvenir must make a point of seeing the silk tartan slippers; they are 5s. 11d. per pair, and of course stockings in all fashionable shades occupy a prominent position.



MISS NORA SWINBURNE

Wearing a "matita" sports tweed suit and jersey from the salons of Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W.

SEPT



OCT



NOV



DEC



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GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC

is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6

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Weddings and Engagements



Elwin Neame

MR. AND MRS. A. C. E. DANIEL
Who were married at St. Augustine's Church, Queen's Gate, on July 5. Mr. Daniel is the eldest son of Mrs. Cook and the late Mr. Daniel of Compton Hall, Fakenham, and his wife was formerly Miss N. M. B. Williams, the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Williams of Barnetby, Lincs

Marrying in Nova Scotia.

On September 23 Mr. J. H. (Ward) Goodman of River-croft, Farnham, Quebec, and Miss Marjorie Creighton, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Creighton of Halifax, Nova Scotia, are being married, and the wedding is fixed to take place at Halifax.

* * *

Next Month.

Mr. R. N. Fanshawe and Miss Ismay have arranged October 2 as the date of their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields; on the next day Mr. Trevor Smail, 11th Hussars, marries Miss Mary Heathcoat Amory, and the wedding will take place at All Saints' Church, Dulverton; the Hon. Gerald Clegg-Hill, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, and Miss Betty Smyth-Osbourne are being married at Iddesleigh Parish Church on the 7th; and another October wedding is that of Mr. Noel M. Morris, son of the late Canon Morris and of Mrs. Morris, formerly of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, Bombay Port Trust, and Miss Jessie Margaret Bird, which takes place in Bombay.

Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant Henry B. C. Holmes, R.N., the second son of the late Mr. H. Holmes and Mrs. Holmes of Masterton, New Zealand, and Miss Nancy N. Russell, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Russell of Hastings, New Zealand; Captain Colin Cokayne-Frith, 15th The King's Hussars, the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Cokayne-Frith, 15th The King's Hussars, and of Mrs. Geoffrey Peto of Kilmeston, Alresford, Hants, and Miss Eileen Alice James, the elder daughter of the late Captain G. M. James, the Buffs, and of Mrs. Cecil Bates of Oxenden Hall, Market Harborough; Mr. Robert David



THE EVELEGH-PARKIN WEDDING

A photograph taken after the wedding of Captain Vyvyan Eveleigh, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and Miss Eleanor Vida Parkin of Truro, which took place at Truro

McCowan, the youngest son of Mrs. McCowan of Roseneath, near Whitehaven, and the late Mr. William McCowan, and Miss Alice Elizabeth Walker, the second daughter of Mr. Herbert W. Walker and Mrs. Walker of Seascale, Cumberland; Lieutenant-Commander Graham Edward, R.N., of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Edward of Hove, Sussex, and Miss Elisabeth Hodgskin, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ellett Hodgskin of Brooklyn, New York, and Merano, Italy; Mr. James Stanley Hill, British North Borneo Civil Service, and Miss Joan Bune, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bune of Beckenham.

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3. YOUNG LADIES' WOOLEN STOCKINETTE THREE-PIECE SUIT in Red, Nigger, Fawn, Green, Grey and Navy. For 16 years upwards. Price

5 Gns.

2. GIRLS' DRESS AND KNICKER SET in wool with design in contrasting colours on neck, cuffs and waistline. Colours: Fawn, Aqua Green, Saxe, Scarlet and China Blue. Sizes 18 in. to 24 in. length. Prices

32/6 to 40/- according to size.

4. YOUNG LADIES' KNITTED COAT AND SKIRT in tweed effect, design in mixture. Colours of Saxe, Cherry, Navy and Almond. Sizes for 14 years upwards. Price for Coat and Skirt

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Milanese Jumper, as sketch, 37/6 extra.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Mrs. Trelawney has returned from her holiday, and the office is re-opened. Preparations are proceeding apace for the Members' Show on December 4, a date no member must omit to note down.

* * *

As usual, "The Kennel Gazette" for August contains a much of interest. In a paragraph headed "Our Canine Population" it is stated that the licences issued during the year ended March, 1930, represent an increase of 60 per cent. on those issued in 1912. There is a corresponding increase in the registration of pedigree dogs of nearly 85 per cent. The article ends, "Thus the proportion of pedigree dogs to the total of canine inhabitants of the country has definitely increased." This is interesting in view of the fact that one seldom sees a well-bred looking dog running about our towns and villages. One wonders what becomes of the pedigree "misfits," as the ordinary village dog is almost always a yellow nondescript terrier.



EUAN OF CLERWOOD
The property of Miss Tod



IZUN OF GREYSTONES
The property of Miss Heuston

* * *

The Shetland sheepdog seems to be increasing his admirers. Miss Tod sends a photograph of her good dog Euan of Clerwood, winner of the championship certificate at the K.C. Show last year and reserve at Windsor this year. She also sends some interesting notes which I will transcribe. She says, "The first thing people ask is whether the little dogs really work, and in their native haunts they do. The sheep are small and they graze on the seashore where the grass is short and a little dog can get about easily, and the active little Shetland collies are just what is needed."

For anyone who likes the sheepdogs' temperament the Shelties make excellent pets. They are good-tempered and intelligent, naturally obedient, and easily trained, and although they are a convenient size for the house, they are never tired, their long legs carrying them over rough ground quite easily. I have just spent a fortnight in Strathspey with four Shelties, and we have averaged fifteen miles a day. I have very little trouble with mine, and find them particularly good children's pets, as they are so gentle." Miss Tod finds the demand for them good, but has at present some puppies for disposal.

* * *

Mrs. Everitt has an Alsatian bitch she is anxious to find a very good home for "with real dog-lovers," she says, "as she is so sweet and affectionate." The bitch is wolf-grey, very quiet, and good-tempered, a winner the only time shown. She is in whelp to a really good dog, Bruno van Haselar, and should breed good ones. Mrs. Everitt sends her photograph. She also has some Pekingese pups for sale.

* * *

Miss Heuston's dogs need no describing. They are well known for their quality and soundness. She sends an excellent picture of a young gentleman who wishes to find a new home. Miss Heuston says, "He is small, very typical, and sturdy, and would make an ideal pet. He shows quality though I have not yet shown him. Colour fawn with black points, and very clear, attractive colourings." Pekingese, like good wine, "need no bush," and they are always at the same level of popularity, a fact which means a breed has sterling qualities which last. Some breeds arrive and thrive for a short time and then vanish into mediocrity, others remain, and of these favoured breeds Pekingese are one.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



TESS OF GRAYSHOTT
The property of Mrs. Everitt



A CUT-GLASS WHISKY BARREL
At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Something Different for Wedding Presents



A GRAPE-FRUIT STAND AND SPOON
At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Suggestions for Wedding Gifts.

Wedding presents are always the most difficult things to choose, but the problem is simplified when a visit is paid to the salons of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. Although there are pearls of great price and perfect specimens of the jeweller's art in which diamonds, sapphires, and other precious gems occupy a prominent position, there are a host of other things that appeal

to those whose exchequers are not in such a prosperous condition as they could wish. By the way, many are considering the all-important subject of Christmas gifts. Illustrated on this page is a cut-glass whisky barrel with a Regent Plate tap and measure; it is £3 10s.

* * *

be is that tinned grapefruit is available; it is just right for serving in this container. Much to be desired is the Harlequin set pictured in a variety of colours; it is £7 2s. 6d.; it contains six afternoon tea-spoons and six tea-knives and forks. Furthermore, there are enamelled afternoon tea-spoons in velvet-lined cases in various colours, ranging in price from £1 2s. 6d. to £2 10s.



A HARLEQUIN SET
At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Roller-top Cigarette Boxes.

A decided novelty, and one that is sure of a cordial welcome, are the roller-top cigarette boxes; they are covered in shagreen and crocodile, and in varying sizes range in price from £4 14s. 6d. to £9s. 9s. Rather more ordinary but ever so useful are the Regent Plate cake-baskets with swing handles for 25s.; while silver condiment sets comprising salt-cellars, mustard-pot, and pepper-pot in velvet-lined case are £2 17s. 6d.

Grape-fruit Stand and Harlequin Set.

A trifle that is sure of an enthusiastic welcome is the Regent Plate grape-fruit stand or sundae cup and spoon on a white and gold china plate; it is 16s. 6d. A fact that is not nearly as well known as it should

Achieve the modern line with a Belt by Roussel



SLIP it on, and see how your Roussel Long-Belt instantly transforms your figure to the new line of beauty.

For the range of Roussel Belts keep ever in step with the latest Parisian Models. The Roussel Long-Belt illustrated here is combined with a Brassiere exquisitely designed and hand made with finest lace. A luxurious garment—as deliciously cool and light to the body as silk. Fashioned in one seamless elastic weave—free from busks or bones—porous and supple as a glove—yielding to every movement.

And yet your Roussel Belt holds your figure firmly—but so gently—to the correct form. It smoothes away awkward lines—slimming where necessary, by its insistent massaging effect.

On such a perfect foundation garment your pretty frocks simply must look their best.

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(of Paris)
177 Regent St.
(Dept. E) W.I.**

And 8a, Thurloe Place, Opp. Brompton Oratory, S.W.7

POST ORDERS. You can order by post with confidence. Correct fitting guaranteed. Give size of bust, waist, hips (stripped) and total height. Prices: In pure silk elastic £9.9.0. In firm thread and silk elastic £5.15.0. In thread elastic £4.4.0. Hip-Belts to fit your figure from 16/-.

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83, Boul Malesherbs

HAGUE
21, Noordeinde

AMSTERDAM
14, Leidschestraat

ROTTERDAM
57c, Coolsingel

BRUSSELS
144, rue Neuve

LIEGE
13, rue Vinave d'Ille

ANTWERP
1, rue Quellin

CONSTANTINOPLE
PERA, Place du Tunnel

Pictures in the Fire—continued

on the occasion of her last trip, for she had a bit of pink sticking-plaster on her rather pulpy nose, and her little pet must have whoa'd when she said "Gee-up!" They said she had had her face lifted, and it may be true, but the surgeon must have had a nervous tremor during the operation and let a bit of it drop. We knew first that the political agent had made a horrible mistake in his billeting effort when Hamley discovered that there were no bath crystals, no soap, and even no cork thing upon which to dismount in the only bath-room which was in commission. It also, so he said, had a brown low-tide mark which conveyed the impression that it had been there since the later Victorian age; but there was much worse to come.

If there had been one of these clever flash-light photographers at that dinner he would have obtained a priceless picture when the butler came round just after the soup (true tomato brand with about a hogshead of boiling water added) and said—

"Lemonade or barley-water, sir?"

It was a terrible moment. Then arrived some damp fish—species unknown and far too dead—and then Hamley, holding up a thing the size of a doily, asked the second footman to get him a table-napkin. His hostess over-hearing him of course, as he was sitting next to her, said "But that is a serviette Mr. Hamley Bacon!" Then he bagged her bread—a round thing as hard and about as big as one of Oliver Cromwell's cannon balls—



IN PERTHSHIRE: THE HON. JANE JAMES
AND MISS HELEN SKENE

At the coming-of-age house party at Glendelvine, Perthshire, given by Sir Alexander and Lady Park Lyle for their grandson, Mr. I. A. de H. Lyle. The Hon. Jane James is Lord and Lady Northbourne's youngest daughter

and that put her back up still worse. Then arrived something white of the *mousse* description with bits of truffle in *fleur de lys* on top, and after that a huge silver tray was carted round with the fragments of some bird on it—duck we discovered afterwards, and it looked as if it had had a nasty accident with some T.N.T. Some of us got a bit of the Pope's nose and some charred fragments of skin, and the contest with the green peas, about as hard and of the size of buckshot, was also very depressing! And then the sweet, a neutral-tinted jelly which was about as tepid as the duck had been, and we topped off with cheese straws as a savoury. I saw Hamley looking about him hopefully in case the lemonade and barley-water episode had been merely a horrid dream, and that port might come and redeem the repast—but it never did, and not even a cigar or a cigarette, because Mangle-Wurzeley said he "never adn't ever smoked in 'is life"—and so eventually the party ended. The butler did not, as I rather expected he might, come round and whisper in anyone's ear, "I shall be leaving you soon, sir!" but the man who got the coats of the lucky ones who were not living in the house plainly indicated that a half-crown was what he expected. The worst of all befel when a little time after this visit Hamley Bacon discovered that, so far from being a rabid prohibitionist and anti-nicotinist, when Mangle-Wurzeley went to lunch or dine at anyone else's expense he punished the fluids so severely that, as he departed, he had to keep his chin well up—the way he wouldn't be after spilling any!

And yet people are so unkind as sometimes to gird at our politicians, and say that they do not pull their weight or anything like it!

CHARMING SPOTS IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Selworthy, Thatched Cottages & Church, Somerset

The restful atmosphere of bygone centuries lends charm to Selworthy, snugly placed on the steep slopes below Selworthy Beacon in the West Country, whence comes the famous St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress. Containing the long life cultures of Massol, this cheese definitely promotes health and purifies the system. It is easily digestible even by young children and by elderly people. Invariably fresh, creamy and of most delightfully tempting flavour.

AIDS DIGESTION
Fresh up from Somerset every morning.
Prices 2d. and 8½d.

ST. IVEL
LACTIC CHEESE

APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD., YEOVIL, SOMERSET.
Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.



Softness that ensures restful sleep

When next you purchase a mattress, ask to see the Vi-Spring Overlay mattress. Then make this test. Press the "Vi-Spring" and see how deeply your hand sinks into its exquisitely soft surface. Release your pressure and it will immediately resume its normal shape.

Every square inch of the "Vi-Spring" is full of this gentle "give." Hundreds of small, resilient springs are ready to receive your tired body and to allow you to relax in luxurious ease, perfectly composed for restful sleep.

The "Vi-Spring" is the original pocketed spring overlay mattress which for more than 25 years has been dispensing rest beyond compare. Its service also is enduring.

Look for the registered name "Vi-Spring" and avoid the "just as good" or "better" at a less price. Hundreds of conscientious and reliable House Furnishers prefer to recommend the "Vi-Spring" and reign the confidence of their customers; such houses are worthy of your support.

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Now has plenty of Energy



Photo by Paul Tanqueray.

MISS CICELY BYRNE,

who plays a leading part in the successful play "Let Us be Gay" at the Lyric Theatre, writes :—

"FIRST-NIGHT nerves are shared from the stars to the least important members of the cast and might lead to serious disappointments. After a strenuous time of rehearsals I was very tired and run down, and I really felt I should never be able to carry on ; then I remembered my old friend Phosferine, and after taking some, my nerves began to steady almost at once, and by the time the play began I was quite calm, and ever since have had plenty of freshness and energy for my work."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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Brain Fag

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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT the Tonic Fruit Saline—*It tones as it cleanses!* Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

The Art of the Hairdresser.

The majority of women are very undecided whether they shall continue to have short hair or whether to permit it to grow long. There is no doubt about it that the transition stage is decidedly trying. M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., advocates that the tresses shall in the first instance be permanently waved and the ends arranged beneath a chignon. By the way, these chignons are provided with exceptionally clever devices, so that it is impossible for them to fall off or get out of position. An alternative to this is to have a La Naturelle postiche; they are made of the finest hair procurable, and are so true to Nature that detection is impossible. The parting can be long or short and in any position desired, and the tresses can be treated as though each hair was growing from the natural scalp. The features of the prospective wearer as well as the contour of the head are very carefully studied, and it is for this reason that the La Naturelle postiches are always such successes. It must also be related that "The Times" system of payment by monthly instalments prevails here; this is an immense advantage in these days when the state of our exchequers is reverse of what might be desired. All interested in the subject of hairdressing must write for the profusely-illustrated booklet; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

* * *

A Convenient Belt.

The increasing popularity of cruising as a holiday has caused medical science to direct special attention to seasickness. An excellent invention is the Solapad, a convenient belt which, worn next the skin, successfully prevents any tendency to a feeling of sickness. Solapads are made for men and women, and ships' doctors on many of our biggest liners have found this clever invention a



Here are two views of a La Naturelle postiche showing the newest phase of the chignon. At the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Model 9955

In the new fleck design, trimmed reverse of material at neck, with dainty bows.



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preventive against any form of travel discomfort. They are obtainable at all big stores or direct from the manufacturers, Solport Bros., 184, Goswell Road, E.C.1.

A Tonic Saline.

The full tonic effect of the open-air life of a sunny summer-time can only be enjoyed when bodily energy is superior to the heat inertia caused by brilliant hot days. With many people the annual holiday is accompanied by the familiar lassitude and lifeless feeling caused by scorching sunshine, or a limp depression and a sense of congestion and stuffiness on a warm, muggy, clammy day, which few realize is mostly due to the nerves beneath the skin being too weak to act. As a result vitality leaks away because the inactive pores become clogged with excess of grease, lime, and other waste which can only be effectively removed by a tonic saline that tones and cleanses. This makes it always possible to keep the pores free from these harmful, ageing, coarsening line-making deposits that prevent healthy perspiration. To avoid these summer discomforts a tonic saline is essential to stimulate the small veins and nerves which keep the skin clear, soft, smooth, and cool, and this internal toning with Phosferine Health Salt will complete the external toning of the skin by holiday sun, sea, and air. The recent heat-wave has made it more imperative than ever that due care be exercised regarding the general health during the ensuing months.

* * *

The Boston Garters.

There is at least one thing in the world designed for sheer utility which must be comfortable. It is the Boston garter. Men everywhere wear them—for ordinary wear, for sports wear, for dress wear; there is a model for each and every occasion, even those for wear with plus-fours. They are from 1s. 6d., and are obtainable from all hosiers and outfitters.



On 1,200 occasions every year.

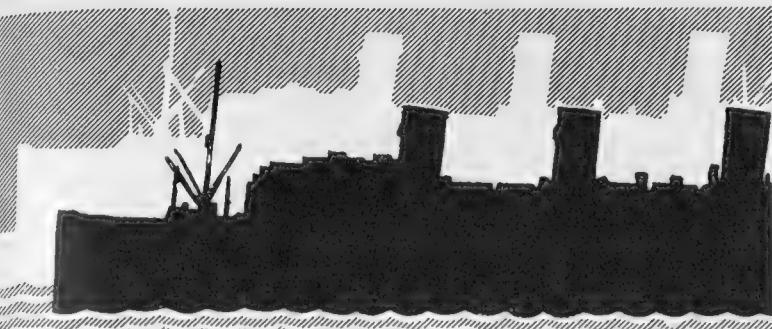
It is estimated that City Workers make at least 600 train or tube journeys, and at least 600 'bus or tram journeys per year. Every traveller, therefore, is exposed to infection on at least 1,200 occasions annually, because contacts are unavoidable on any journey.

The daily use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the best defence against infection. City Workers know this. That is why, if you "observo," as Sherlock Holmes would say, you will be impressed by the enormous percentage of City Workers who use Wright's Coal Tar Soap at the office.

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Polo Notes—continued

American side"; it won by 15 to 6. This team we were told may be the final selection and placing, but of course we cannot know for certain. The team which opposed them was the Roslyn team, but not the same one as went so well in the American Open Championship (*vide* preceding note), and was made up as follows: Mr. H. E. Talbott, jun. (1), Mr. Elmer Boeseke (2), Mr. Cecil Smith, the cowboy from Texas (3), and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, jun. (back). In the first three chukkers Captain Tremayne tried our team like this: Mr. J. B. Balding (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. L. L. Lacey (back), and it did not work well, so in the second half he rearranged them like this: Mr. Gerald Balding (1), Mr. L. L. Lacey (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. H. P. Guinness (back). It proved to be the right mixture, and this in spite of Mr. Lacey's being put up in front—a position in which he was far from a success when it was done in the matches in this country. In the first half "The Daily Telegraph" correspondent states that our team would have swamped the American side if the missing in front of goal had not been so bad. In the second half the English team went really well, and gave their Roslyn opponents a very thin time. If Roslyn were really all out this sounds a very good gallop indeed.

* * *

On August 27 it is reported that the American Probables, i.e., the Pedley-Hopping-Hitchcock-Guest team, giving the Possibles (whose names were

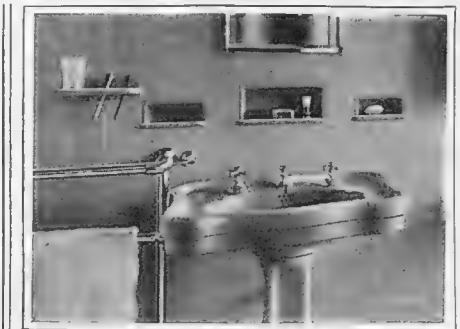


THE CONQUEROR OF PALESTINE

A recent picture of F.M. Lord Allenby at Stanley, Perthshire, where he is at present fishing the Tay. Lord Allenby goes north every year to kill a salmon, and next to battle-fighting, fishing, probably, is the thing he likes best

not cabled) 7 goals start, knocked them out 16 to 9, and so completely rehabilitated themselves after that disastrous 19 to 6 defeat already referred to and which happened on August 21. As I say in the note above on this match, we have not been told what the handicap was on the 21st. If the Possibles were the Harriman - Williams - Cowdin - Boeseke team on August 10, 21, and 28, it would have been of much interest to have been told. Obviously the information sent me that the American selectors declined to be unduly rattled by the defeat of the Probables on the 21st is correct, as the "Possibles" team was afterwards announced as the final word. On August 30, however, the American team again blotted its copybook and went very badly against its trial horse—the worst performance yet, so the correspondents indicate. The American International side giving their trial team 4 goals start were beaten 8 to 4—a result which must be a bit disconcerting, because on this the "Possibles" were the same team as the "Probables." These are the two teams—"Probables": Mr. Eric Pedley (1), Mr. H. W. Williams (and Mr. E. J. Boeseke) (2), Mr. Thomas Hitchcock (3), Mr. Winston Guest (back); and "Possibles": Mr. G. Bostwick (and Mr. S. Sanford, 4 chukkers each) (1), Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (2), Mr. S. B. Iglehart (3), and Mr. H. P. Guinness (back). It was in this match that Mr. H. P. Guinness so distinguished himself and practically played himself back into the English International side. After this, of course, Mr. E. A. S. Hopping must have been put back in the International side.

Modern fittings for the modern bathroom



EVEN the most ardent admirer of the antique would draw the line at an antique bathroom. Here, at least, everything must be modern. "Recesso" fittings are a development of the last decade; and they mark a very definite and important advance in bathroom neatness, cleanliness, comfort and hygiene. They form part of the bathroom, being built into its walls. Of glazed porcelain, white or in a wide range of beautiful colours, they are the best receptacles imaginable for soap, sponge, toilet paper—for every bathroom requisite.

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Our Catalogue A9, which we will gladly send you on application, will convince you that "Recesso's" are the ideal—the perfect—bathroom accessories.

The Henry Richards Tile Co., Ltd., Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—

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INVALID FURNITURE

BATH CHAIRS

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The Bath Chair here illustrated is described in Catalogue No. 3T. Write for it!

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a
SWIMMING POOL
in your own Private Grounds?

Write for particulars to: S. & G. PARIS,
Garden Designers, Ashtead, Surrey.
Tel.: Ashtead 211.

Garden Steps and Terraces; Formal, Rose and Rock Gardens; Lily Pools; Hard and Grass Courts, etc. Plans prepared.



Petrol Vapour—continued

pretty consistently pressed upon the throttle-pedal. And just for a moment or two I admit I did have doubts as to whether a car that costs so little and offers so much could be brutally "caned" for hours on end. But these doubts were very soon set at rest. The Singer Six accepted the distinctly harsh treatment I gave it with the most perfect philosophy. It never registered so much as a single protesting "pink." It showed that on a not-too-good road—the surface being poor and the "visibility" good—it could be as happy as a sand-boy at something definitely over sixty. That was a tribute to its brakes and its springing, because at the back there were two people who drive their own cars and they never made the slightest objection to what we were doing. In these circumstances it is not bad to average without difficulty a trifle of 40 m.p.h., and in doing so to realize the pleasant fact that there is no fatigue about the business. You tread upon those servo-brakes and you stop extraordinarily quickly without the least sign of "directional instability." You have a steering-wheel which is placed quite perfectly and it costs you no effort whatever to put that car exactly where you want her to be. There were two other things that I liked very much about this motor-car. One in particular was the exceedingly careful way in which the details had been looked after. It was not only that the fittings were there, as witnessed by the lengthy specification, but that in addition they were really well fitted. You could examine into them and your critical eye was not displeased. Externally the finish I thought was quite above reproach, and it gave me the impression that it was not just "show-room stuff" but that it would maintain its good looks for a long time to come. Internally I would not ask for more pleasing accommodation and appointments. Here again all that comes under the eye satisfies it; so that how the thing is done at the price becomes a question that is more

and more difficult to answer. I believe the only thing I could find which I did not like was the door lock, it being of a type that has never appealed to me, for I cannot believe it is logical when you want to open a door outwards you have to use a handle which requires to be pulled inwards.

Motor Notes and News

The popularity of the Channel Islands as a touring ground for motorists is rapidly increasing, and for many years past the Automobile Association has provided special facilities at Southampton for assisting members in connection with the shipment of their motor vehicles. This special port service has now been extended to Weymouth, where the A.A. has stationed a uniformed representative who attends the arrival and departure of all boats and renders every possible assistance to members.

* * *

Considerable interest has been aroused in the motor world by the news of Connaught's removal from their show-rooms in Davies Street to one of London's largest motor showrooms at the corner of Berkeley Street and Stratton Street, opposite the May Fair Hotel. Here Connaught will increase and expand those activities for which they have for so long been famous—the building of distinguished coachwork for all leading makes of chassis, the supplying of high-class cars, especially Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Armstrong-Siddeley, and Invicta. These new showrooms of the Connaught Motor and Carriage Co., Ltd., provide spacious accommodation for a large number of cars, and it will certainly be worth a visit to 40-41, Berkeley Street, to see so vast a collection of the finest cars the world produces in so magnificent a setting. Their repair and service works remain, as formerly, at the North Circular Road, Cricklewood.

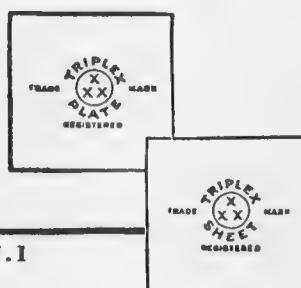


Not a medieval castle, but a water-tower of the Liverpool Corporation on Lake Vyrnwy in North Wales.
The car is a Singer Six

Every **HUMBER** is a 100% **TripleX** car

Fit "TripleX" ^{Regd} and be safe!

The TripleX Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle St., London, W.1





TO THE DESERT IN
A DAY!
on
K·L·G
plugs

Captain Barnard, who has just flown to the African Continent—the first solo non-stop flight to Africa—and returned next day, used the plugs he chooses for all his flying. The machine used by Captain Barnard was a Puss-Moth, actuated by Arens Safety Flying Controls.

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"En-Tout-Cas" **"En-Tout-Cas"**
NEW IMPROVED BOUHANA

Set the pace for 1930

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FROM PUB TO PULPIT

Public Enjoyment of Radio Facilities Invades Every Walk of Life

By EAMON GARRY

If it were possible to know all the places in which radio-cast programmes are listened to, the general public would be amazed at the strange settings for the receipt of B.B.C. services. It can be said that they invade all kind of places, literally from public-house to pulpit.

A few days ago the Sunderland magistrates granted permission to 105 public-houses for radio-cast music. The present tendency of improvement in public uses is taking them out of the class of "drinking dens" and changing them into places of entertainment-cum-refreshment. Into such a new orientation of the public-house scheme of things radio fits not only appropriately but with benefit to all concerned. So far as public-houses are concerned it has a quaint superiority over the gramophone; a licence is not required for a gramophone for the records are changed by the customers, but so soon as an employee changes a record the house has to be licensed for music. This suggests a fine opening for the newest models of gramophones that have self-changing records.

Another strange attitude was revealed at the Sunderland hearing. The chief constable came out flat-footedly as a supporter of the much-maligned Sunday B.B.C. programmes. So strong is his preference, in fact, that he persuaded the magistrates only to grant permission for radio in Sunderland pubs providing that the Sunday music was confined to B.B.C. programmes. He objected strongly to the secular nature of Continental radio-cast programmes which came over on Sundays, "which differed little from English weekly programmes." Off-hand I should have imagined that beer and its drinking, pubs and their customers, "differ little" on Sundays from weekdays.

It is, however, significant to find that radio is now being recognized as an agent that contributes to the moral as well as mental welfare of the nation. Chief Constable H. Riches told the Middlesbrough magistrates the other day that if customers of licensed houses are listening to radio programmes they are likely to have less time for drinking, and he considered that radio is an aid to sobriety.

Sunderland and Middlesbrough have been followed by Durham, where radio in public-houses is a popular practice. There, not only are radio-cast programmes permitted during licensed hours, the magistrates also stated that special applications could be made for outstanding items on the B.B.C. programme to be radio-cast "after hours."

I said that radio has now become a popular item with all classes, from pub to pulpit. There is a church in Bath which supplies its congregation with radio-cast religious services. Some time ago the

Argyle Congregational Church decided to try the experiment of relaying wireless broadcast services at 10.15 every morning for the benefit of the general public. The experiment has been a great success. At that inconvenient hour even there have been any number of worshippers, up to 100 present. The "robot rector" has never known the demoralizing experience—common enough to many clerics—of preaching to an empty church; there have always been worshippers present every morning when the caretaker switched the radio set on. It might almost be said that radio seems to have provided a solution for one of the Church's problems. It has increased the number of church-goers. This at first sight is rather remarkable, because one would be inclined to think that the result of being able to listen-in at home would be just the opposite. What has really happened is this. A huge section of the public has been awakened to the fact that church services are not nearly so boring as hitherto imagined. Further proof of this has been supplied by the Bishop of Oslo, who states that the introduction of church broadcasts in his country has led to a big increase in the number of church-goers. He also adds that church broad-casts have proved a blessing to those unable to attend owing to illness or injury. I am still, however, puzzled over the subtle distinction that the mind of the Chief Constable of Sunderland managed to draw between Sunday music that is radio-cast from the Continent and from this country. Having regard to the fact that the B.B.C. feature Bach on the Sabbath, it is difficult to imagine why a crowded saloon should be forced to mix Bach with their beer. As a matter of fact I am sure that it is only the Continental programmes that save Sunday programmes from being publicly denounced on Tower Hill, or wherever it is that popular indignation burns itself into a flaming fury.

In reply to the murmur of discontent the B.B.C. offer what, to a Scottish sense of sardonic humour, they are pleased to term "alternative programmes." An innocent public imagines that there are at least two kinds of programmes—one of Bach and the Bible, the other more secular. Not so; the B.B.C. idea of an "alternative programme" is a choice of stations with the same kind of programme from each.

Fortunately for the B.B.C. the Continental studios radio-cast a secular programme on Sundays—secular in the sense that the music is not "sacred," but not secular in the sense that the music is "profane." Such programmes are usually an orchestral concert from some Continental hall such as, for instance, the Kursaal at Ostend. Why this kind of programme should be denied the customers of northern public-houses is beyond me. Only the B.B.C. can explain. But certainly such fine programmes make up for what the B.B.C. fails to supply. And the ironic fact is that the B.B.C. charges us 10s. each for its programmes, whereas we get the Continental radio-casts free!



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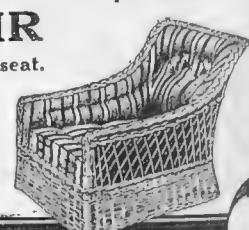
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Notes and News

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for help for Mary, aged 26, who is bedridden and without a penny in the world. Her father was an able seaman who died fighting in the Dardanelles, leaving a widow and an invalid daughter. Both women managed to live on the mother's pension until last September, when she died and her income at once ceased. Mary has one married sister, who took her in and looked after her, but she cannot stay on without contributing to the household's expenses, for they are very poor. The unfortunate girl is worrying night and day, for she dreads being a burden on her sister, yet she is tied to her room with no income and nowhere to go. We are most anxious to try to get a pension for her, but it necessarily takes some time to complete all the formalities. We ask for £20, or part of this sum, to get her medicines, comforts, and other necessities, while we bring her claim before the Ministry. Please help!

* * * *

The September release of "His Master's Voice" gramophone records contains some efforts quite out of the ordinary. To the collection of speeches by world-famous men is now added the strong, clear voice of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who, two months before his death, gave through the microphone the autobiography of his earlier days and most interestingly describes how, when a young doctor, he created Sherlock Holmes, that scientific detective of fiction. Sir Arthur further relates the experience of his twenty years of research into the vexed question of spiritualism and only four days prior to his passing he wrote to the Gramophone Company in reference to this unique record. That most popular pageant of the British Army, the Aldershot Command Tattoo, was, by special permission of the military authorities, fully recorded by "His Master's Voice," and the results are two large records which should thrill everyone within the Empire. To pick up the music of the massed bands on the vast open-air stage miles of electric wires were laid to connect a number of microphones with the recording van and the troops actually marched across the underground lines, while wires were also extended through the neighbouring



AT LE TOUQUET: SIR JOHN AND LADY ASTBURY

Although a well-known authority has said that all lawyers "sleep between term and term" it is not true; but they are entitled to a bit of relaxation. Sir John Astbury was a judge in the Chancery Division from 1913 to 1929

woods. The Tattoo programme includes the bugle fanfare playing by the massed drum and fife bands, the bands of the Command, music by cavalry bands, the story of the origin of the Coldstream Guards, the massed pipers, Queen Elizabeth's address at the Armada Camp, "O Valiant Hearts," "Abide With Me," "The Last Post," The National Anthem, and ringing cheers for Queen Mary on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit. The orders of the officers are plainly heard, and there is the old-time instruction, "The whole regiment shall present your arms!" Over 320,000 saw the recent Tattoo, and now millions can hear this martial triumph.

* * * *

Mr. L. A. Huddart, the expert on landscape gardening, has recently joined the firm of Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons. This gentleman when associated with Messrs. Thomas H. Mawson of Lancaster designed and supervised many gardening schemes for both municipal authorities and private individuals, including the Stanley New Park at Blackpool and Saffron Hill Cemetery at Leicester. These contracts were of course carried out under the direction of Messrs. Mawson.

* * * *

The Duchess of Sutherland has consented to be chairman of the Ice Carnival which is being held at Grosvenor House on October 31. The late Lady Ednam was the founder and chairman of the Ladies' League of the Royal Northern Hospital and worked extraordinarily hard to help the hospital in the maternity section. It is therefore proposed to devote the funds raised by the carnival to the endowment of a "Rosemary Ednam Ward" in the maternity section.

* * * *

As there seems to be misconception in some quarters regarding the effect of the earthquake in Italy, the Italian Travel Bureau in London points out that the earthquake was confined to a limited area east of Naples that is not visited by tourists. Naples itself was practically unharmed, and such resorts as Sorrento, Amalfi, and Capri, on the Naples Riviera, where many people go in summer for sea-bathing, are remote from the affected area. The Italian Travel Bureau has had many inquiries as to whether it is "safe" to go to the Dolomites, Italian Lakes, Italian Riviera, and other summer resorts hundreds of miles from the scene of the earthquake, so hazy is the public knowledge on the subject.



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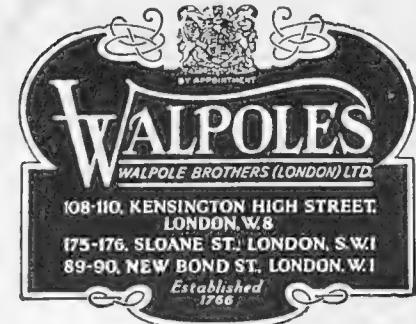
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- EARLY AUTUMN ACCESSORIES.
- WINDOW SHOPPING.

IT was a doll of about thirty inches in height, the size, if not the shape, of a child of about two years old. The body, the arms to the elbows and the legs to the knees were of cotton, stuffed with sawdust, but the head, hands and feet were of wax, pink and slippery. . . . It had been placed flat upon its back in the cot and was dressed simply in a nightdress of fine linen, exquisitely worked with lace. A string of bright blue china beads (the only relic of doll-dom) encircled its throat.

The shock to Dr. Kirby must have been tremendous: he had turned the coverlet back mechanically and as mechanically had taken the creature's left wrist, feeling for its pulse. Then—still holding the wrist—he had turned and faced Hardymont as he sat at his wife's side on the couch, trying to tear some explanation from the man by the compelling power of his eyes.

And once again that evening he knew the truth from the Vicar's face—the improbable, almost impossible, truth which yet was true—a belief which demanded the most delicate treatment, the tenderest touch, as it wavered on the brink between sanity and madness. . . . He had turned meaning to rend him for this most sinister of practical jokes—and instead he had found both man and wife waiting for him, their eyes fixed, eagerly and fearfully, on his face.

"Is she worse, Doctor?" whispered Hardymont. "Will she live?" . . .

Suddenly, terribly, Dr. Kirby wanted to laugh.

But the laughter was quelled within him, shamed into silence by the expression in their eyes. . . . They believed that the doll was their child. They believed it to be alive. The whole thing was preposterous, of course—the sort of madness woven in a madhouse—but there it was. How it had come to pass was no concern of his. His concern now was for the Hardymonts in their delusion, and for their health's sake he must keep up this pitiable pretence.

His brain worked quickly. Action must come now. Questions could come later....

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